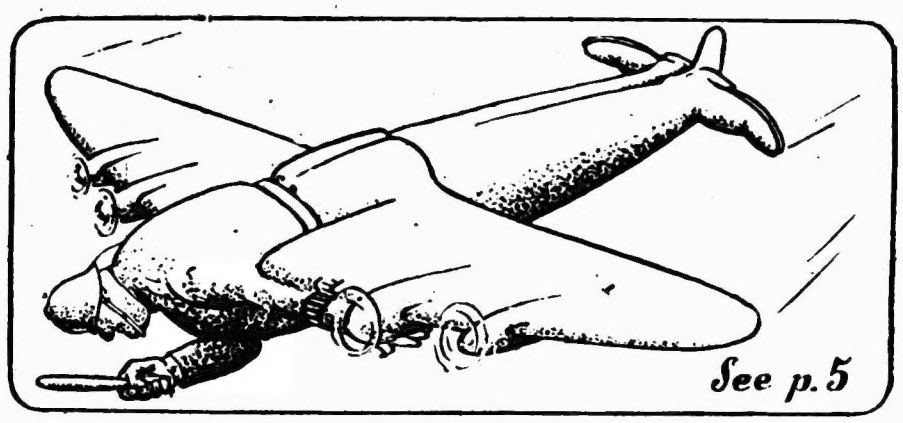
Week ending April 28 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday



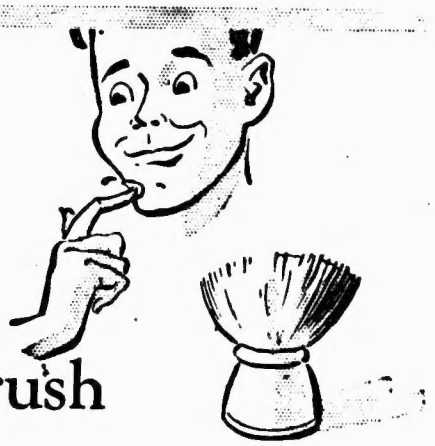
See p. 5

My goodness-

A glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight

G.E.1222.C

A dab



+ a brush

= lashings of lovely lather

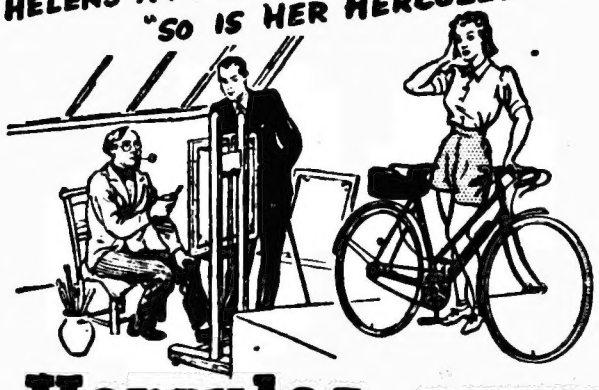
Shavallo not only turns a penance into a pleasure, but it's so remarkably economical. Just a dab on the face (never dip the brush into the jar) whips up immediately into a full, rich, bristle-softening lather. You'll be surprised, too, how soothed and refreshed Shavallo leaves the skin afterwards.

IN POTS 1/3 AND 2/3

SV 136-414

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

"HELEN'S A PERFECT MODEL"
"SO IS HER HERCULES!"



Hercules CYCLES

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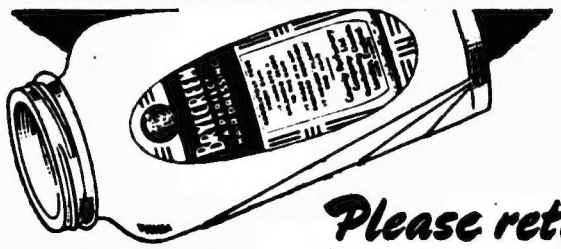

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There is an acute shortage of bottles. So if you will return the empties to the shop where you get your Brylcreem it will help us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU!

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1 royds 813A

"Mother is feeding her baby, even before birth, and that's when Robinson's 'Patent' Groats and milk is specially valuable. It will keep up her strength through pregnancy and the nursing period, ensure sound sleep, and help her to breast-feed successfully. This delicious, creamy cereal is easy to digest and simple to make."

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ. 47, Norwich

CVS-47

FOOD FACTS

SOMETHING

Different

FOR DINNER

Variety makes a world of difference to mealtime enjoyment, and it's a pleasant truth that the more people enjoy their food the more good it does them.

Housewives who are getting hard up for new ideas will find these suggestions helpful in two ways. They make a most welcome change in the monotony of wartime diet. And they ensure that the family gets full enjoyment, and therefore full benefit, from the food you serve them.

RAISED PIE

A savoury alternative to the more usual Pork Pie. *Enough for 4 people.*

Ingredients. Paste: 8 oz. flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 2 oz. dripping or lard, quarter pint water. *Filling:* 8 oz. sausage meat, 4 oz. fat bacon, minced, 1 onion, minced, 2 level teaspoons mixed herbs, 1 level teaspoon salt, ½ level teaspoon pepper. *Method:* Mix flour and salt. Boil lard and water and add to the flour. Knead well and line a 1 lb. bread tin or cake tin with the pastry, keeping back a little for the lid. Mix the remaining ingredients thoroughly, place in bread tin and cover with remaining pastry. Brush over with reconstituted egg and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Serve hot from tin, or turn out when cold.

These ideas add a relish to meals:

1. Serve mixed pickles with mince or [illegible] sausage steaks, and pickled [illegible] cabbage or beetroot with [illegible] stew and with pork chops.

2. A dash of sweet-sharp is good with all fatty meats. If you don't like the pickle idea, put a little vinegar in the [illegible] or gravy.

3. A small helping of raw vegetable salad is very good with a meal of hot meat and vegetables. Serve it on the same plate and you will find it adds a crisp refreshing touch to the meal.

4. For a meatless day try ordinary canned pilchards or mackerel heated in a frying pan or under the grill and serve with green vegetables or salad and boiled potatoes. It is simple but very good and the fish gets quite a different flavour.

Please return milk bottles to the milkman EVERY DAY

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 250

WE'RE NOT SHOOTING A LINE . . .

. . . but we're very proud of the fact that, since early 1942, we've been busy making P.I.A.T. anti-tank bomb projectors—busy helping to ensure direct hits as well as close shaves! But, when Piats aren't needed any more, Ever-Ready razors will still be sweeping the toughest bristles into unconditional surrender.

Ever-Ready

—the razor with the long-lasting blade of CORRUX Steel

EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LIMITED, LONDON, N.W.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

E. K. COLE., LTD.
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SAFE SEAT...

Children play hard, but fortunately for mother, Wool *wears* hard. It sounds incredible, but a single strand of Wool is as strong as a thread of gold of the same thickness, and can be bent thousands of times without breaking.

WOOL IS THE WORD FOR WEAR

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

When he's an "ordinary listener" again

he'll still be a wireless expert. And his radio will have to be a real engineering job.

MARCONIPHONE

the REAL THING in Radio

After the war your local Marconi Man will once again be fully equipped to serve you — with new sets and technical advice.

Without Fear or Favour

VE-DAY MUDDLE

IF THE GOVERNMENT isn't careful, there is grave risk of VE-Day becoming a Day of National Chaos.

Ernest Bevin recently suggested that 'Victory would mean a two-days' holiday for all.

Doubtless his words were never intended to be taken as an announcement of considered Government policy.

The trouble is that many people have so interpreted them, and are under the impression that, when the great moment comes, all work is to stop immediately "by order."

It is obvious that such a hold-up — surpassing the effects of a General Strike—would produce almost unimaginable disorganisation, and would render Peace celebrations impossible.

No doubt, what Mr. Bevin meant was that every worker who could possibly be spared should be given a holiday. But even non-essential workers cannot easily be released at a minute's notice without a good deal of unnecessary loss and confusion.

As for workers in the essential services—food, transport, newspapers, and so on—no universal downing of tools is conceivably practicable.

Such workers must, of course, be properly compensated for having to work to enable others to rejoice, and they, too, must be guaranteed their victory break on other dates.

MOST PEOPLE would have thought our rulers had considered these elementary problems, and, long ago, had made provision for handling them.

It appears that this is not so, and that the success of the day for which we have fought and worked for years is being left to chance.

If nothing really has been planned, it is urgently necessary that the oversight should be immediately remedied.

VE-Day will be on us within a few weeks.

It would be unforgivable if a great and memorable occasion in British history should be turned into a kind of lunatic's delight just for the want of a little common sense.

The Editor

METHOD IN THE "POCKET" MADNESS

Goebbel's Taunt. Authenticated Atrocities. War goes East. Human Side of Mr. Molotov. Dark Horse Truman. British Ten Year Plan? Fast Bowler Back Home

BATTLE OF THE POCKETS is mere guerilla warfare on the Germans' part. It can do no more than delay the end.

What if they have three divisions in Norway! Where are the industries that will keep those divisions supplied with the abundant mechanical paraphernalia needed for modern war?

The same applies to the conflicting estimates of Nazi strength in the Bavarian redoubt and elsewhere. Numbers alone mean little. The fact remains that Germany's best industrial areas have gone for good.

Because of U-boats, we maintain our coastal blackout. But has the *Luftwaffe* either the petrol or the elaborate ground gear to stage more than tip-and-run raids on Britain?

Sinister Design

THERE IS METHOD in the Nazis' "pocket" madness, which prolongs by days or weeks the lives of the Party chiefs, increases Europe's confusion and distress, adds to the disappointment and resentment felt by the freed peoples, and—worst of all—postpones the day of economic rebuilding.

The pockets cannot win this war for Germany, but they do enable Goebbels to utter the taunt that poverty and chaos follow in the wake of the Allies' liberating armies. And they may one day produce an ugly sequel in the shape of conditions favouring the designs of underground Nazis bent on new war. That is the sinister calculation.

Mass Crime

BUCHENWALD, Nordhausen and Belsen are not "atrocity stories," but abominable crimes. The facts are there for British M.P.s and all the world to see.

Yet the facts were there before the war, when the victims were not foreign slave workers but German political opponents of the Nazis—as some of them still are.

This must have been a grim reflection for the German civilians—women as well as men—whom the Americans made inspect dead bodies racked with typhus or tuberculosis due to filth or starvation. But wouldn't it have been better to show these horrors to Wehrmacht men—German prisoners of war, generals as well as privates?

Legal Code

WELL AUTHENTICATED, TOO, are the cases—happily much less widespread and infinitely less terrible—of British prisoners in German hands being maltreated. Here, there is no doubt about the legal aspect. The officers responsible can be traced, charged under international law, and punished accordingly.

Which is a good reason why we, on our side, should observe scrupulously the International Prisoners of War Convention, even though it does mean German prisoners getting a bigger meat ration than British civilians get.

Meanwhile, the Japanese authorities are doubtless looking ahead, and it will be surprising if there is no improvement in the conditions of our men in their prison camps.

Eastward Trek

SIR JOHN SLESSOR, new Member of the Air Council for Personnel, takes on one of the biggest removal jobs ever—shifting the R.A.F. bag and baggage to the Far East.

Regarded as brainy for a brass-hat, he used with deadly effect his flair for quick, quiet decision in the days when, as chief of Coastal Command, he did a lot to drive the U-boats from the Atlantic.

While much of the R.A.F. will go east, some of it will go west in the sense of being demobilised. All the time Sir John will be designing the post-war R.A.F. (and, of course, the W.A.A.F., too) the size and scope of which will depend on politics, national and international.

Humidity's Havoc

Climate's effects complicate the eastward trek. Supplies sent to Malaya before Pearl Harbour were often found, when the crates were opened, to have become useless through corrosion—metallic parts as well as fabrics.

Special methods of packing had to be devised to preserve equipment from the moisture and microbes with which Oriental seas are charged.

Alexander, as seen by George Whitelaw

"The war's greatest soldier" has not been much in the news lately. But we are likely to hear more of him in the very near future.

He is almost certain to be the British representative on the Allied Military Commission in Berlin, and probably its chairman.

And after that?

He does not talk much of his plans. He is so reserved that some people mistakenly think of him as aloof; it is no secret that Mr. Churchill respects yet does not understand him. But his friends credit him with political ambitions.

He would not stand in the Conservative interest. The brain that organised the Dunkirk evacuation, the classic retreat in Burma, the triumphs in Egypt, North Africa and Italy, is an unconventional one.

Field-Marshal Alexander would be a great capture for the Labour Party.

Drug Defence

STRIKING EXAMPLE of medicine's tremendous part in the Pacific war has just been given to the Royal Society of Medicine by Brigadier N. Hamilton Fairley, the eminent scientist and specialist in tropical disease who is in the Australian medical service.

During the early New Guinea fighting, he said, when the Japanese were threatening Port Moresby, severe dysentery broke out among the Australians.

All the sulphaguanidine in Australia was rushed by air for treating the troops, and within ten days the epidemic was completely controlled—which, the Army thought, saved Moresby.

Burst Bonds

SO NUMEROUS beyond expectation were the "displaced persons," slave workers in Germany, and so swift the Allied advance, that mistakes were inevitable.

Remedy is to expand swiftly the relief organisation known as U.N.R.R.A., recruits for which are rapidly being enrolled among French civilians and American soldiers. The man-power factor need no longer impede recruitment among our own munition workers or fighting men.

Engineer Diplomat

MOLOTOV, the Soviet Foreign Minister, whose presence at San Francisco makes all the difference, has packed his span of fifty-five years with fine achievements and thrilling experiences.

In the days when the *Luftwaffe* first began to look formidable it was he to whom Stalin gave the job of organising a terrific drive to establish heavy industries in the Urals and Siberia.

And it was Molotov who collected the authentic evidence—promptly handed to every Ambassador in Moscow—that Germany had created a huge slave trade in Soviet citizens torn from occupied areas.

Outwardly Meek

Second Soviet citizen and Stalin's likely successor, this mild little man in pince-nez, who dresses so correctly and talks so precisely, is all you would expect of a politician trained in the exact profession of engineering.

He has a knack, disconcerting to old-style diplomatists, of ignoring mere polite chatter and going brusquely to the point.

Japan's Ambassador knew it was no laughing matter when Molotov told him Russia had done with the Neutrality Pact. Ankara has been thinking hard ever since he said the Soviet-Turk friendship Pact must end.

Hectic Passages

Three highlights of Molotov's life: First in 1919, when, at Lenin's command, he got industry running smoothly in the Volga region, torn by revolution and civil war.

Second in 1940, when, feasted in Berlin while Nazi troops were strutting as conquerors between the Arctic and the Pyrenees, he played poker in the face of Ribbentrop's bribes, flatterings and cajolements, gaining valuable time for Stalin to tune up the Red Army.

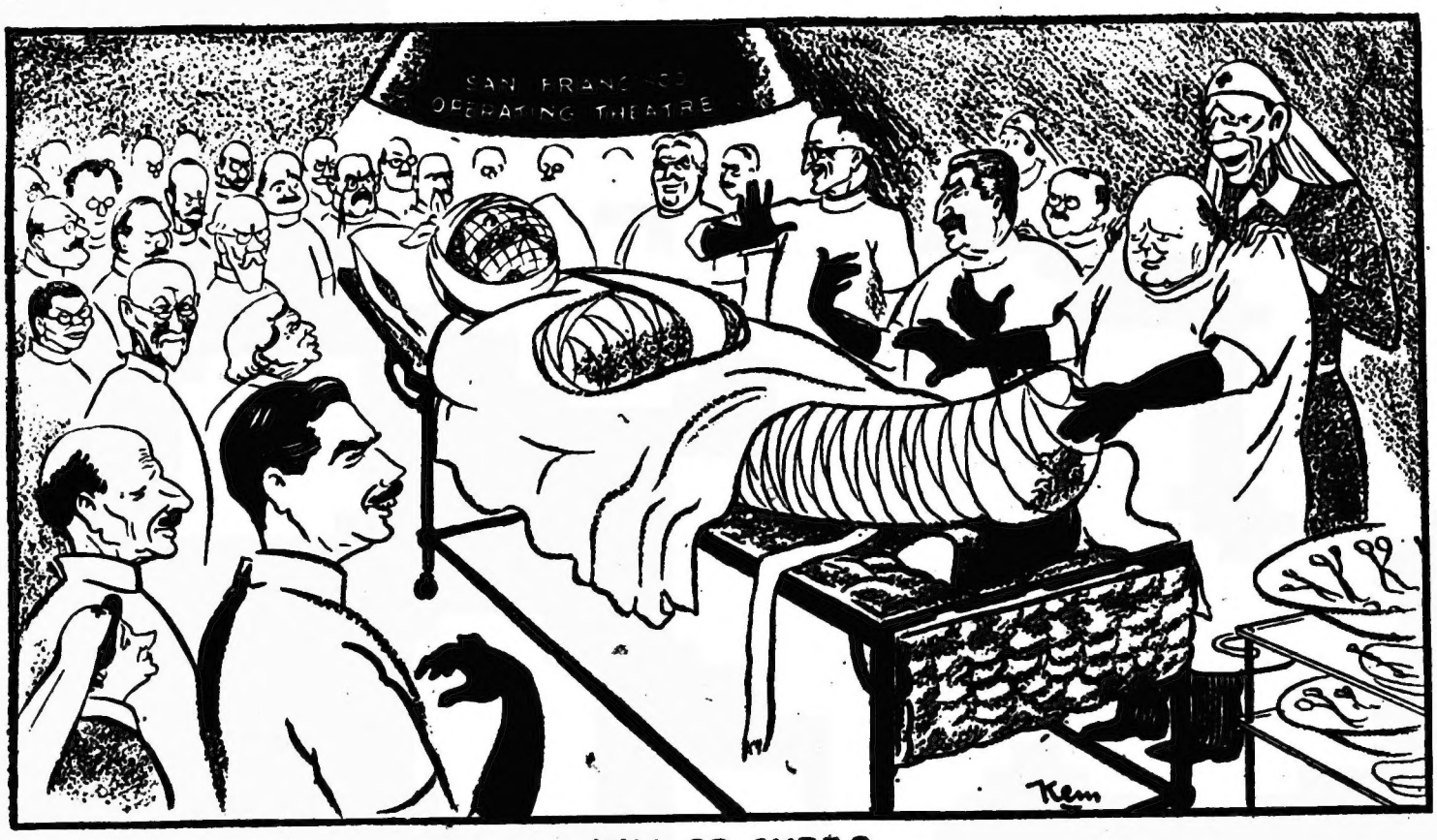
Third on June 22, 1941, when he went to the radio and told 180,000,000 Russians

JB insurance

"WELL WORTH WHILE."

"It was well worth while being a registered reader," writes Mr. E. T. Banks, of Lewisham, London, S.E.13, in acknowledging cheque paid under John Bull's Free Insurance following a fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE.



KILL OR CURE?

The San Francisco Conference opened on April 25

how, "at 4 o'clock this morning," treacherous Nazis had, without an iota of provocation, attacked the Soviet fatherland.

The New President

MOST OF THE Americans in this country are as much in the dark about their new President as we are. Henry Truman was little known outside his own State before the Democratic Convention chose him as Vice-Presidential candidate last July.

There was much more controversy than usual about the choice. The retiring Vice-President, Henry Wallace, put up an impressive fight for renomination.

He was defeated by a manœuvre of the Democratic Party machine, strongly supported by the Conservative wing.

Wallace Rejected

Wallace was one of the few Vice-Presidents in the history of the Union who captured the public eye in that strangely despised office. He made himself known as a champion of the rights of the common man not only in America but all over the world.

He did not believe in a return to unrestricted competition or in freedom for Big Business to do exactly what it liked.

Undoubtedly the Party bosses, when they rejected Wallace, had the possibility in mind that Roosevelt might die. They did not want Wallace as President, and it was no secret that they chose Truman as a "safe" man.

The Challenge

But it is an old tradition in America that nobody is "safe" once he becomes President. The office is too powerful and carries too much responsibility. It challenges the best in every man who reaches it.

The mere fact that Truman was considered "safe" at Chicago nine months ago does not mean that from now on he will do everything the bosses or the tycoons want.

It is still on the cards that he may prove to have a mind of his own, and there is every sign that he will work for the aim outlined by A. G. G. on page 8.

Woolton's Bulls'-eye

"TEN YEARS' HARD WORK," Lord Woolton has been telling the nation, "ten years for all classes to repair the ravages of war, and we are through."

Nobody is denying it—least of all, the wage-earning classes. They like nothing better than to feel that the nation needs them and will go on needing them.

That is where Lord Woolton's idea comes in. Let "full employment" policy involve a ten-years' production target for houses, schools, roads, hospitals and other social needs, besides prescribing a gradually increasing minimum standard of life for all, and it won't be the wage-earners who will let us down.

Deadly Doubt

Ca-canny is born of insecurity. Certainty that the job would last ten years would be the biggest imaginable incentive to hard work.

The Russians, who dealt in Five Year Plans before this war, knew that. And they had the sense to start a new Five Years' Plan while the old one still had a year to go.

Sixty Summers

SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY next week finds A. V. Alexander, twice First Lord of the Admiralty, still buoyantly young. When the Coalition breaks up he will go back to his job of secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress.

A. V. maintains all his Co-operative contacts. When he wants pocket money he calls at the C.W.S. bank in Kingsway.

He has been a success at the Admiralty, he could have made a name at the Bar, and his friends say he would prove an excellent Dominion Governor.

Women's Conference

FLORENCE CAYFORD, the J.P. and Hampstead Councillor who will preside this week-end over the twenty-fifth annual conference of London Labour Women, is the wife of a master engineer.

She established the Kilburn Kitchen, now a British Restaurant but started during the early *blitz* when evacuees from East London, billeted in Hampstead Council houses, found themselves short of cooking facilities.

Day Nurseries

Burning issue at the conference will be the war time day nurseries. The women, furious at the prospect of these being closed, want the facilities to cover not only women in full work, but all women, who may thus get leisure and recreation by having somewhere to park very young children.

And, of course, there is housing. The Government is charged with "apparent lack of decision and drive."

Fair Rents

RENT TRIBUNALS, recommended by the Inter-Departmental Committee, are long overdue, will (if enacted) inspire public confidence and end old grievances. It is proposed that their scope should include furnished lettings.

But why did the committee, at a time when the price of building materials is certain to be controlled, want new post-war houses unrestricted?

The committee thinks mortgage interest likewise may be unrestricted, as interest is "low." But is 4½ per cent. low? Given the shortage, de-restriction will push interest up to at least 6 per cent., mulcting buyers of a £1,000 house to the tune of another 5s. 9d. a week.

Hardship Riddle

The committee suggests an owner should no longer have to prove "greater hardship" to recover possession of a house he gave up for some reason connected with the war.

In this respect, as in so many others, it will be up to the tribunals—more than 200 of them—to see that justice is done.

Tenants will welcome the recommendation that there should be no general increase of rents to balance the higher cost of repairs.

Oiled Hoofs

MAJOR FRANK BUCKLEY, now piloting Notts County Football Club, got into the news before this war when he had his players treated with gland injections.

The idea has spread to racehorses. Smart Bet, a crack American sprinter, was "all but fagged out," according to his owner, till they began to feed him with vitamin oils. Since then his record has been fourteen wins, four seconds and two thirds out of twenty-five races.

Airborne Bowler

LIBERATED BY THE RUSSIANS after being captured as a glider pilot at Arnhem, cricketer Cyril Edge comes home again.

This young professional from Lancashire, fancied by many for future test matches, is a fast bowler in the county tradition of Arthur Mold and Crosland.

Stage Ping-Pong

VARIETY deserved its name in the days when one bill starred a galaxy of specialists from ventriloquists to wire-walkers.

Now Jack Hylton and Lupino Lane are offering, on a single London bill, juggling, exhibition dancing, instrumental novelty, table tennis and a couple of good comics—like old times.

Tailpiece

A NEW ZOO STORY enables us to end on a happy note.

Keeper, pointing to the Russian bear: "If Stalin's men get to Berlin first, we're going to give him a salute of a hundred buns."

FROM RANELAGH TO MANDALAY

IT'S HARD TO visualise this elegant and distinguished woman working in the steamy heat of Burma. But Lady Louis Mountbatten has been so busy there that some Blimps will wish she were still watching polo at Ranelagh, where this picture was taken just before the war.

Her tour of civil and military hospitals, causualty clearing and welfare stations in the S.E. Asia Command has been thorough. As wife of the Supreme Commander for that area (which stretches from India to China) she was naturally given every facility, and the report she brought back to London is full and frank.

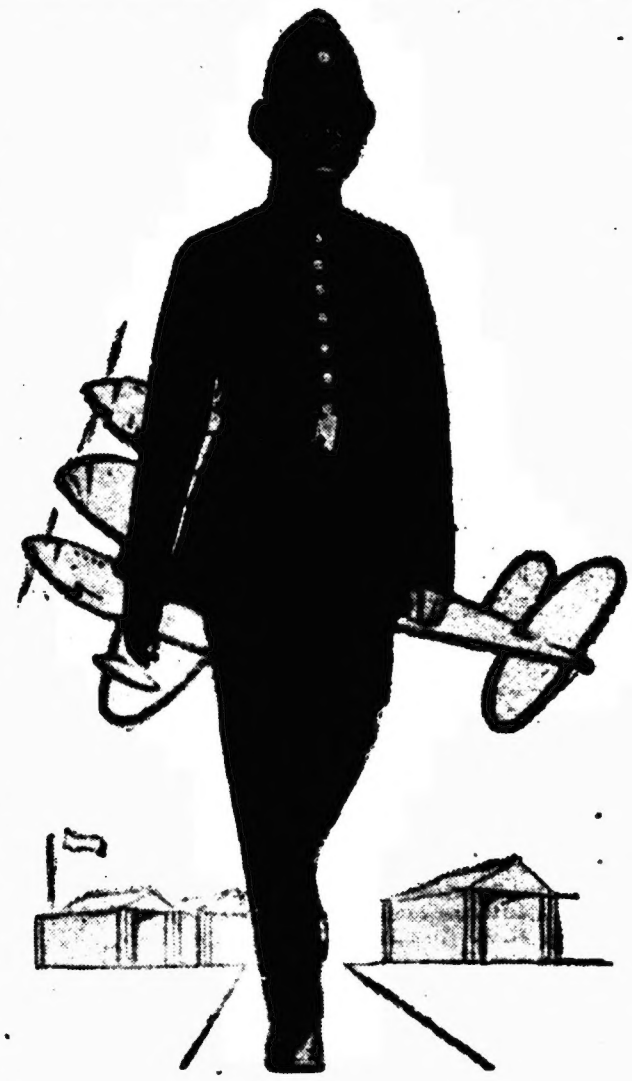
She is insistent on the need for more nurses and doctors, much more medical equipment, far better recreational and "welfare" arrangements.

For the improvements announced last week were not enough.

A world air police force to keep the peace! It sounds convincing but would it work? Here is an expert estimate of the chances of enforcing

LAW FROM THE AIR

by AIR COMMODORE A. W. GLENNY, M.C., D.F.C.



TO CONTROL GERMANY may be a more formidable task than to beat her in the field.

The quick growth of resistance movements when the Wehrmacht was the invader should make us think hard about this. To restore law and order to Central Europe is going to take a long time. You'd want a lot of men to police all enemy territory.

Where could we find the men, with our reconstruction needs everywhere so pressing? And how would our policing forces like long exile from home and family?

These are awkward problems.

The answer to them may be found in air-policing. Before long we may be placing large areas and populations under systematic surveillance and control from the air.

It's been done before, though never in a modern industrialised country. I was myself an air policeman in a good many parts of the world, and for a good many years.

No Need for Mass Bombing

We came in for a lot of stay-at-home criticism as we did our job on the North-West Frontier and in the desert. They pictured us bombing defenceless natives more or less for the fun of the thing. In fact, the mass flight of our 'planes over the houses, tents or caves of tribes which had been raiding their neighbours often restored law and order without the expenditure of a single bullet or bomb.

The Germans have had such fearful punishment at the hands of our bombers that the mere threat of its repetition will for long be control enough. But should a few desperate men in any city persist in hostile acts there will be no need for mass-bombing.

Modern precision-bombing and rocket-firing techniques can eliminate surprisingly small targets with little risk to their surroundings. The Air Force of the future, policing a maze of streets, will be able to single out for action any particular house.

Only those who have examined in detail photographs secured by air reconnaissance of certain recent work of R.A.F. bombers can realise the level of skill achieved. The prison-breaking job at Amiens and the destruction of Gestapo headquarters at The Hague were the first evidence of what the new technique could do, but the latest results have to be seen to be credited.

Years ago Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, called out the Guards to capture the Sidney Street house where the armed anarchists under Peter the Painter were resisting arrest. A modern fighter-bomber could riddle the house with bullets, drop tear gas, shoot-up the place with rockets—all this within a few minutes of the alarm.

Life or Property?

If this seems a bit disproportionate to arrest a few men, the answer is: which do you prefer, to risk the lives of a lot of ground police, or to destroy a minimum amount of property?

Moreover, the speed and certainty of air attack have a tremendous deterrent effect psychologically.

Suppose, after a period of occupation, our main troops withdraw. Slowly resistance organises. Word comes that an important meeting of the leaders is taking place in Leipzig on a certain date. A strong formation of aircraft is flown over the city. They drop leaflets, and some of them broadcast by radio, announcing that those attending the meeting must be arrested and handed over to the Allied authorities within a few hours.

Citizens are warned that no movement out of the city is permitted until the wanted men have been handed over. Any person or vehicle attempting to leave will be attacked without more ado.

If at the end of the stated time (continues the warning) the men have not been surrendered and brought to a selected open space where para-troop police can land and identify them, the gas works, then the water supply, the tram depots, and so on, will be destroyed without further notice.

Squadrons Like Fire Brigades

First tear gas and then delayed-action bombs may be used to disperse crowds and deny easily defended areas to the insurgents. Broadcast instructions and additional warnings will be given as necessary.

Observe that there need be no loss of life. Citizens are told precisely where danger will be. If they do not comply with air police instructions their normal life will slowly but surely come to a full stop. They can avoid physical and material hurt if they obey orders. Germans are very good at obeying orders.

Ground intelligence services, radio-linked, will send timely and accurate reports from occupation zones of all activities likely to be dangerous. Ban on movement and gatherings will always be the first step in air policing, for reconnaissance flights cannot easily distinguish between innocent and hostile activity on the ground.

Working in close contact with "ground intelligence," air control will soon end Resistance and "werewolf" activities. Most important of all, it will reduce the size of our ground force garrisons in Germany, for a handful of aeroplanes can undertake punitive tasks which would require large numbers of troops, together with adequate transport for the great quantities of food and munitions such forces would consume.

Use of land forces plays into the hands of underground and resistance movements by providing marching columns to attack, key bridges to sabotage, supply dumps and vehicles to burn or destroy.

Air control offers no such hostages. Rightly used, it should prove very cheap in lives and treasure. High-speed aircraft squadrons, like fire brigades instantly ready, need not be stationed in Germany. Bases in France, Holland and Denmark would suffice.

Arrest by Paratroops

Finally, air control of seaports and ships at sea is a powerful asset, as this war has proved. A stranglehold on shipping, in addition to air blockade of land districts, would be particularly effective against Japan, dependent as she is on seaborne supplies for so many essentials of life.

No doubt airborne forces—paratroop or glider units—would be of considerable use in air policing. That they might effect dramatic arrests is certain—witness the German rescue of Mussolini. But experiment with the airborne arm so far suggests that, being but lightly equipped and carrying only limited food supplies, these troops tend to become a liability under powerful enemy attack.

Airborne land forces would at first have to be used cautiously as auxiliaries to air-control action proper. We need a good deal more experience before we can claim mastery of airborne technique.

Airmen's International

To carry out the air policing of Germany it is conceivable that Allied air power may be pooled. This at once suggests Wellsian visions of an international air-arm swooping on wrong-doers from the skies.

This, I fear, is all a long way off. No present-day Government would dare to transfer to an international air force the responsibility for air defence which it owes its own people.

On the other hand, I see no reason why each nation should not detail from the national air force which it has organised, equipped and trained to meet its own particular requirements, a contingent to serve with the international air police. Withdrawal or employment of such a contingent would be at the will of the State to which it belonged.

This is an immediately practical proposition. From it we may move in the years ahead, by trial and error, and by good will, to the subordination of national sovereignty to internationalism.

Airmen, amongst whom the comradeship of the air ranks second only to patriotism, may well be the first section of the human race in which the highest loyalty of all—to humanity—will slowly flower.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir John Boyd Orr, M.P., will have much to say about food when he addresses the House of Commons

Sir John Boyd Orr, M.P.,

World-famous Nutrition Expert

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Enough food to eat ought to be everyone's birthright. Now that the Scottish University electors have sent you to Parliament, you are well placed to complete your life's work of ensuring that birthright to all.

Research led you years ago to the startling conclusion that even in a rich country like this more than half the people were too poor to buy enough food to keep them well.

You went on to advocate a national food service based on nutritional needs. This, you said, would add five years to the expectation of life in England—ten in Scotland, where feeding and housing are worse. Though you sit in the House as an Independent, one great political Party has made your food policy it own.

Your personality in 1943 influenced the Hot Springs conference, at which forty-five nations discussed food. The outcome was a world effort, through which the nations are now seeking to improve farming and raise feeding standards everywhere.

I hope you will make yourself heard in Parliament, for I recall that not long ago you said "it will be the biggest of all political swindles if the British Government does not intend to carry out the policy devised at Hot Springs."

British farming, depressed in peace, but prosperous in war, will flourish if your food policy is enacted.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Robert McIntyre,

First Scottish Nationalist M.P.

DEAR SIR,—Many people from your Motherwell constituency, steelworkers and their families, have followed the industry in recent years to Northamptonshire. There may be good reasons for this southward trend, but Scots naturally feel sore about it.

During your by-election the Government, maybe for good reason, refused pre-eminence to Prestwick aerodrome and, with less justification, priority for the proposed Forth road bridge. That angered even Scottish Conservatives.

Events played into your hands—though if at the coming General Election you don't again have the whole Conservative vote as a free gift, you may find it hard to get back to Westminster.

Anyhow, while you are in the House I wish you luck, for Scotland has been getting a raw deal. If anyone doubts this, let them read in the first letter on this page what Sir John Orr says about the expectation of life north and south of the Tweed.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Charles Hill,

Secretary of the British Medical Association

DEAR DOCTOR,—Next week your Association will be asked to declare for a whittled-down version of the Government's proposed national health service to cover us all.

One section of political opinion demands that the profession should be free: free to make what money they can (though few make fat fees or leave much money when they die), free to buy and sell practices, free to work exactly where and as they please without control of any kind.

On this view, a doctor's skill is, in theory at least, free from any restraint of social responsibility, though it is only fair to add that, in practice, few professional men are more selfless.

Other medical men feel that the skill and knowledge of the profession, as a legacy from past generations, are part of the heritage of us all. Therefore, doctoring should be a public service, available to everyone irrespective of purse.

On this view, the profession should be organised to fight disease as the Armed Forces are organised to fight foreign foes. Doctors should be salaried servants like Field-Marshal Montgomery, directed like any soldier to where they are needed most. That, in effect, was the idea of the orginal Government plan.

By seeking to water-down these ideals, the B.M.A. is acting not only against the interests of the nation as a whole but also against the real interests of doctors themselves.—JOHN BULL.

To the Housewives of Britain

LADIES,—During this war we have all had to buy the "Government loaf," and your doctor will have told you that this departure from the white loaf has been partly responsible for the good health we have enjoyed, despite the stresses and strains of war conditions.

That eminent physician, Lord Horder, told the House of Lords the other day: "People have dropped the bad habit of eating white bread, of which before the war they had got very fond. Are we going to ask them to unlearn that lesson?"

You know, of course, that the white loaf was a millers' ramp. They got enough for the offal to pay for the flour—which was the explanation of their wealth.

A leading scientific M.P., Professor A. V. Hill, has just pointed out that the milling of white flour is a wasteful and costly process, which gives the people an inferior loaf.

You housewives are the people who, after the war, can prevent a return of this waste, and at the same time safeguard a source of good health. It is you who buy the bread for the home. By giving the bakers your orders, you call the tune the millers must play.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

The Wise Old Quaker

THIS LIFE IS VERY LARGELY a game of "do as I do." You get what you look for. You find other people acting as mirrors, and giving back pretty much what you give them. You can get friendship or enmity; smiles or frowns; help or hindrance; it's all according to how you behave yourself; how you expect others to behave.

I asked an old and wise schoolmaster the other day how it was that his boys always seemed so much more intelligent than any others in the school. "Because I treat them as though they were intelligent," he said. "Then they at least make an effort to live up to my expectation.

"If you make it clear that you think boys are half-wits, they'll quickly oblige you by acting like half-wits. Tell them they're intelligent, and they'll try to behave intelligently."

There's a very good story that sums all this up very neatly. It may be new to you.

A man who had just moved into a small town fell into conversation with an old Quaker whom he found sitting on a bench in the Square.

"What sort of people live here?" asked the stranger.

"What manner of people didst thou live amongst before thou came here?" asked the Quaker.

Oh, they were mean, narrow-minded, suspicious and very unfair."

The old Quaker sighed. "I'm sorry, friend; thou wilt find the same manner of people here."

Not long afterwards the old Quaker was accosted by another man who had come to live in the town.

"What sort of people are they here?" asked the stranger.

"What manner of people didst thou live amongst before?" inquired the old man.

"Friend," he said, "they were the finest folk in the world. They were always friendly, kind and lovable. I hated leaving them."

"Thou wilt find the same manner of people here," beamed the wise old Quaker.

This week's Liberal Party Conference prompts the important Election question:

DO WE NEED A CENTRE PARTY?

Yes

1. Liberalism commands far more votes than is realised. Because of our obviously unscientific election system, these votes produce very little representation in Parliament but they prove the Party is alive.

2. It is significant that Sir William Beveridge, the greatest name in Britain after Churchill, has just entered Parliament as a Liberal.

3. There is an increasing mass of opinion which dislikes the Tory landlords and cartel chiefs on the one hand and the trade union bosses on the other. This opinion is finding its way into the Liberal camp.

4. Only enthusiasts join the Liberal Party to-day, since it has little hope of immediate political advancement to offer. Yet since it attracts no careerists, the Party is gaining strength and prestige; its time will come.

5. Tories want to keep things as they are, Labour to give justice to the masses—but justice of a rigid and predetermined kind. Liberalism alone stands for gradual progress in the light of experience—an essentially British way of thought.

No

1. When Liberals and Tories were antagonists in a two-Party system they fought what was very largely a sham fight. The Tories wanted laws favourable to landowners; the Liberals, many of them manufacturers, wanted cheap food for their underpaid city workers. Neither Party wanted real social change.

2. The Liberals, it is true, promoted various State pension schemes to ease their consciences concerning cast-off workers—schemes to which the workers made big contributions.

3. Not till Keir Hardie entered Parliament was there any real challenge to the system of caste and privilege Liberals and Tories maintained.

4. When Labour came to strength most Liberals became Tories, under one guise or another, rather than split the anti-working class vote.

5. The present Liberal Party is run by contributions from a few rich and traditionally Liberal families. It is supported by timid middle-class idealists who dislike Tory oppression but fear Socialism too much to side with the workers. The only service they can render progress is to get out of its way.

OUR DAILY MILK

AMERICANS WON'T DRINK IT! ARE WE FACING UNNECESSARY DANGER? HERE ARE THE FACTS

THE AMERICAN SERVICEMEN over here don't drink our milk. They may drink a good many other things, but our milk they won't touch. Their doctors say it's not good enough. Following a six weeks' investigation of the question, I'm inclined to agree with them. Judged by modern standards, our milk's poor stuff.

Even so, it's about the best all-round food available. "Man may live by milk onlie," wrote a famous Elizabethan physician. He'd never heard of vitamins, but he was quite right.

Milk contains all five of them, with protein, starch and fat in good measure; also a little sugar. You mightn't much like it, but at a pinch you could get along for a good while on milk.

Nothing in this report is intended to make you or your family stop drinking it. We don't drink enough. It is a strange fact that so milk-shy were we in pre-war days (poverty alone is not enough to account for our low purchase figures) that under the stress of war our average consumption's *gone up*.

It used to be two-fifths of a pint per day; now it's two-thirds of a pint. It ought to be, and could be, a full pint daily per head.

"More milk and better milk" should be our slogan.

Americans Do It Better

In the general well-being of the nation no factor can play a bigger part than better milk.

The Americans don't take our milk even when occasional summer gluts occur locally near their camps. They bring over their own in tins. The reason is that before any United States dealer can land a Services milk contract his product must reach and maintain certain standards. These levels most of our dairymen fail to reach.

It's not their fault altogether. Our dairy industry developed before science had warned us of milk's dangers. The Americans, who started later, benefited by our experience and made a cleaner start.

To-day their herds show far less bovine tuberculosis than ours, and yet, with negligible exceptions, all American milk is *pasteurised*, so that even should tuberculosis germs be in it they are killed.

Pasteurisation, named after the great French scientist Pasteur, first to prove the existence and power of germs, is simply a form of heat treatment designed to make milk safe without harming its nutritive qualities.

We boil milk in summer to kill the germs which turn it sour. No one likes boiled milk; its taste is spoiled, its whole consistency is altered. What's worse, a good deal of its vitamin content is destroyed.

"Monkeying" with Milk

Experiment has shown, however, that if milk is heated to about half boiling point, kept at that heat for 20 minutes, and rapidly cooled, harmful germs are destroyed, with very little damage to the milk. True, its vitamin C is lessened, but we can get this vitamin from green vegetables. The other vitamins, often harder to obtain, are not much harmed.

Another pasteurisation method is to take milk to a higher temperature, but only for a minute or two, after which it is cooled as rapidly as possible. This is called "flash pasteurisation," and works just as well.

"Monkeying" with the milk, opponents of pasteurisation call it; and they claim that Parliamentary pressure to make the process compulsory is merely a device of the big dairy organisations to freeze out the small man, who can't afford expensive plant. They say the milk is damaged, that the dead germs in it may be as harmful as live ones, and that, anyway, no one ever caught tuberculosis from milk—that it's undernourishment causes this terrible disease.

None of these statements has been proved, and there is ample evidence to the contrary. In England and Wales *about* 2,000 *deaths a year* are caused by bovine tuberculosis resulting from infected milk. Almost worse than the deaths are the lifetimes of suffering for which the germ is responsible. Children are the most frequent sufferers.

But—and now comes perhaps the worst aspect of our national milk scandal—*pasteurisation is only as efficient as the man who runs the plant.*

You can slip up badly, pasteurising. Either your heat may go too high and the milk is "singed." Or it may be just too low—in which case the germs do not perish.

There's no easy way of an inspector telling when the fault's on the low side, whereas a whole charge of milk may be spoiled if the singeing is noticeable. So the inexpert or careless pasteurisation foreman will tend to be too low in his temperatures rather than too high. How much milk slips through incompletely treated it's hard to say.

An expert told me this week that though nearly 96 per cent. of London's milk supply is pasteurised *on paper*, in fact a few of the plants are inefficient intermittently, and some are a bit below par most of the time.

This is disastrous in war time, for, under emergency conditions, various types of milk have sometimes to be mixed, and distribution is often slowed down. The risks involved in such war time handling are considered justified because nearly all city milk has been pasteurised. But what if some has "slipped through"?

Tuberculosis is on the increase. Our milk supply may be partly responsible. The case for a drastic check-up is overwhelming.

Only a public inquiry will bring the full facts into focus. Such an investigation must be given high priority in the first year of peace.

Reducing the Toll

Infant diarrhœa is another risk, principally a summer one, arising from non-pasteurised milk. Dried milk of various kinds has, since 1908, contributed largely to the reduction of infant mortality (about 12,000 a year from 1911-20—now under 3,500) due to this cause.

Modern dried milk of the best quality contains added vitamin, but breast milk, when it is available, is the unsurpassed baby food. "When I advertise my product I publicly proclaim it's the second best," said the head of a dried milk firm to me. "Find me another manufacturer as frank!" I declined the challenge.

The infant diarrhœa menace has rapidly lessened in our generation (though for the last few years the figures have been disappointingly steady), but the drop in the bovine T.B. rate has been far too slow.

Nor has the general health of our herds improved. About one hundred million gallons of milk are lost yearly through sterility, and there's been no marked lessening of tubercular infection in cattle for thirty years.

Contagious abortion attacks up to 40 per cent. of our cows, and the *brucella abortus* germ which causes it produces in man the terribly weakening illness, undulant fever, which rarely kills, but, with its ups and downs of temperature, results in terrible depression in the victim. There are 500 cases a year—how many are diagnosed as other things is uncertain.

I know of a young scientific worker near London who was recommended extra milk as an antidote to the materials he handled. Within a few months he was an undulant fever case. Proper pasteurisation would go far to wipe this menace out.

Clean Them Up

But it's the herds we must tackle, not only the milk. In my opinion, formed after lengthy cross-questioning of experts, a ten-year plan for the gradual elimination of tubercular stock would save more money than it would cost.

A State-subsidised veterinary service to aid the farmer would pay good dividends in health.

Also needed is a State scheme for giving a simple but thorough training to all who handle milk—from cow-hand to counter-man.

State-aided research should also concentrate on a simple test to detect whether milk is properly pasteurised or not. The phosphatase test, devised by Professor Kay, of Reading, is a brilliant piece of work, but too complex for a plant foreman (or the milk inspector) to perform on the spot.

No one thinks of pasteurisation as a permanent part of our civilisation. Given disease-free herds and rapid, hygienic distribution, there should be no need for any heat-treatment of milk.

Don't be scared by this article. The risks are not so bad in practice as they may seem when the whole story is set down in a single page of cold print.

But any risk is too big when it concerns the staple food of children and invalids.

The fact that the U.S. Army authorities boycott our milk producers should shame us into action.

Britain must have purer milk.

By John Bull's Special Investigator.

Milk is one of our most valuable foods. But, as our investigator reveals, there's many a slip twixt cow and consumer

OUR SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR SAYS

- **We were milk-shy in pre-war days. During the war our milk consumption has gone up. We used to average two-fifths of a pint per day. Now the figure's two-thirds of a pint. It should, and can be, one full pint daily per head.**
- **But more milk is not enough.**
- **Better milk is an even more urgent national need.**

Is This the Limit?

Sportsmen and scientists get together on the riddle of the "record"

ROUND THE TRACK the packed stands are silent. Officials, businesslike, raise the high-jump bar another half-inch.

This time it's the record. . . .

Every follower of athletics knows the fever of that whisper round the stands.

Soon we shall know it again. Will the new men, who have "come along" during the war years, set up new records?

Well, every year since athletics were organised, new records have been set up.

Are there limits to human achievement in athletics—records to end records?

The difficulty is to determine this "human limit" for any athletic event. Always in the past the prophets, however expert, have proved wrong.

When nearly seventy years ago an Oxford high-jumper cleared 6 ft. 2½ in. the famous Scots athlete Donald Dinnie wrote to the papers *proving* on physical grounds that such a feat was impossible!

"The Centre of Gravity"

Year by year the bar of the high jump has been pushed up a trifle until to-day the record stands at 6 ft. 11 in. There are people prepared to say that 7 ft. is the "limit" upon which a human being could not improve. They may be right. But we ought to remember that 6 ft. 6 in. was for a long time the "limit." It was improved upon by the invention of a new style which applied a scientific knowledge of mechanics. The weight of the body behaves as though it was concentrated at a single point which is called the centre of gravity. The secret is to develop an erection which will clear the bar without having to raise this point any higher than is necessary.

The centre of gravity of a high-jumper to-day rises the barest inch or two above the bar, and no energy is wasted.

Science Improved Jumping

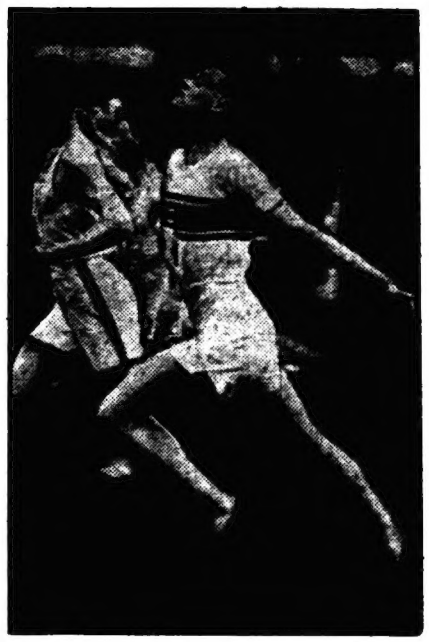
Professor A. V. Hill has shown, on theoretical grounds, that a snake-like movement might enable an athlete to get his body over the bar while his centre of gravity was below it!

Another scientist has made a mathematical analysis of the high-jump motion showing that a considerable increase in height would be obtained if 4 lb. of sheet lead were tied to the wrists and ankles of the swinging limbs. This might be "cheating," but certainly an athlete should take advantage of the fact that at the Equator, which is farther from the centre of the earth, the force of gravity is 1/300th less than in England. The difference is small, but enough to break a record.

Improved techniques resulting from mathematical analysis and high-speed photographs; improved tracks and apparatus; advances in our knowledge of the human body in action—these are some of the factors that make it difficult to set the limit for any event.

The long-jump record has gone forward by feet as a result of replacing the "natural" jump feet first with a scientific style. It stands to-day at 26 ft. 8¼ in.

Theoretically, according to the analysis of Dr. Tarrant, a combination of the spring of the world's high-jump



For W. ›. Acres, anyway, the tape was the limit when he won the 100 yards in the Inter-College sports at Stamford Bridge

record and the speed of the world's sprint record would give a maximum 36 ft. for a long jump.

In practice this is impossible, because the athlete cannot get vertical jump and maximum horizontal velocity at the same time. But jumping at the Equator, where the pull of gravity is less, should add 1¼ in. to a temperate zone athlete's record!

The records for the mile illustrate what scientific study of style, tactics and training have done. In 1884 the great W. G. George set a record of 4 min. 18.4 sec. that stood for nearly a decade Since then seconds have been knocked off every few years until last year A. Anderson, in the U.S.A., ran a mile in 4 min 1.6 sec.

A Mechanised Pacer?

The prophets who said that there would never be a four-minute mile are beginning to look silly. It is almost a certainty in the post-war years.

Col. A. N. S. Strode-Jackson, a former Olympic champion, has worked out how the four-minute mile should be run, giving the exact time for every 110 yards. He says it is not simply possible, but "inevitable." It will be done with a stop-watch on a completely scientific basis.

The introduction of this stop-watch timing for each fraction of a long-distance race was one of the secrets Nurmi used in his record breaking. In the future we may see a mechanised pacer set so that the athlete has only to keep pace with it to break the record!

The spectacular pole-jump illustrates how improved technique and improved apparatus have almost doubled a record. The first records about seventy years ago were under 10 ft. To-day, the record is 15 ft. 7¾ in. The difference represents full analysis of the correct bodily movements to get the maximum height and improved poles. A still lighter (magnesium alloy?) pole may set the record higher.

The "limit" seems to have been reached in the 100 yards. The record of 9.4 sec. made in 1930 has been equalled twice but never beaten.

Look through the long list of world's athletic records and you will find the great majority of them have been made in the last ten years, many of them in the last four or five when other nations have not been so busy as Britain in making records of another kind.

The British records are mostly older and will, no doubt, be brought nearer the world standard after the war.

R. L. STEVENS.

by A. G. GARDINER

AMERICA'S TWO

"We have learned to fight with other nations in common defence of our freedom. We must now learn to live with other nations for our mutual good."

So said Harry Truman in his first speech as President of the United States—a speech in which he vowed to continue the work of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Of the dead leader, he said: "He never looked backward. He looked forward and moved forward. That is what he would want us to do—that is what America will do."

Here A. G. G. looks forward, too. He insists that in future the U.S.A. must be of one mind, not two. Though America and Britain alone cannot ensure security for the world, their friendship will be an essential basis for co-operation between the peace-loving Powers—and will be a worthy memorial to President Roosevelt.

MUCH is being said and written as to the form of memorial in our midst which shall perpetuate our reverence for the immortal President. The desire for such a memorial is universal.

No event in our time has more deeply moved the people of this land and all our kindred beyond the seas than the passing of President Roosevelt. It has brought the whole English-speaking world together, as it has never been brought before, under the stress of a common sorrow.

It is that common sorrow which should shape the memorial of the dead President. The bond he forged between the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth in the years of the Great Peril should be made the enduring monument of his life and of his priceless service to humanity.

That is the memorial he would have wished, and this is the moment for its accomplishment.

The European system has collapsed in hideous ruin and combustion. Its leadership of the world has gone.

Years, perhaps generations, must pass before its economic life can be effectively restored and its political influence re-established.

It has to be nursed back to health, and the world, which is reeling under the catastrophe that has brought Europe to the dust, must look elsewhere for guidance and inspiration.

Roosevelt's Message

Three great nations will emerge from the wreckage of the war with overwhelming power, and upon their loyal co-operation and good faith the destiny of mankind will depend. Their loyalty has been tried in the furnace of the war, and it has survived that test so triumphantly that we may confidently reckon on its continuance.

If in this article I stress the relations of two of these three Great Powers, it is because the spirit of the dead President has a special message for them in the great crisis through which the world is passing.

When Bismarck was once asked to name the most potent political fact of the nineteenth century, he replied: "It is the fact that the whole North American continent speaks the English language." We have lived to see the

President Truman, seen here with his wife at the swearing-in ceremony, pledges America to "move forward"

profound wisdom of that reply twic demonstrated in our lifetime.

It may be that we should have wo the war of 1914-18 if America had n come into it. We do not know. Bu we do know that the intervention America made the verdict certain.

It may be that we should have wo this war without active American in tervention. But it is certain that w could not have won it without th American arsenal behind us.

It was that arsenal which gave us fighting chance when we stood alon against Hitler's embattled Europe, jus as it was America's active interventio in the war that made our ultimat victory assured.

A Narrow Escape

But each time it was touch-and-g Each time the sentiment of Americ was so divided that positive action wa perilously delayed.

Twice we escaped by the skin of o teeth because America was in tw minds. She would not fight against u We knew that. But she could n decide to fight for us until the eleventh hour.

If it had been known that she woul strike at the beginning, both war would have been shortened. Perhaps indeed, neither would have been begun Europe might have been saved fro destruction.

And there is another point bearin on this great matter. If America ha not repudiated the peace after the firs World War, it is reasonably held tha there would have been no secon World War.

This view is now widely accepted i America itself. It is no secret that weighed on the mind of Roosevelt, an strengthened his determination tha this time America should be committe to winning the peace before the wa itself was won.

In the light of these considerations

MINDS

one conclusion emerges. It is that the world tragedy of the last thirty years is largely due to the failure of the two branches of the English-speaking family to march in step and act in unison.

Their collective power, as both wars have shown, is so great that together they could have outlawed war.

Why did they fail to march in step? Certainly not because of any difference of view about war.

Both regard it with abhorrence. Both desire peace and the reign of law. Both have practised peace among themselves. On the eve of the first World War they were about to celebrate the Hundred Years of Peace that had followed the Treaty of Ghent.

Not a Gun!

Out of that Treaty came the most splendid triumph of organised peace in history—"a spectacle," as Sir Wilfrid Laurier once said, "that should astound the world by its novelty and grandeur."

For nearly four thousand miles the frontiers of Canada and the United States have marched side by side for a century and a quarter without a gun or a fortress or a ship of war on the Great Lakes.

The Monroe Doctrine, which proclaimed "Hands off the Americas" to all the world, was a no less impressive witness. It was suggested to President Monroe by our own Canning, and rested for a hundred years on the security of the British fleet.

So deep was the confidence on both sides that war between us was unthinkable.

And it remains unthinkable.

Since 1814 not a drop of blood has been shed in battle between the two great members of the English-speaking family. And we can both say with confidence that no drop ever will be shed.

We have outlawed war between ourselves. We have set the world a shining example of how law can be substituted for war in the relations of nations.

But we have failed to extend, as by united action we might have done, the reign of law from the English-speaking nations to the world at large.

Let us now dedicate the two great Commonwealths of Peace to that supreme task. Eighty years ago Lincoln laid down the proposition that a nation "cannot endure, half slave and half free."

The Best Memorial

We must together lay down the proposition that this world shall not henceforth exist half slave and half free—half under the tyranny of war and half under the rule of law. And we must adjust our relations to carry that proposition to victory.

In doing so we shall raise a living and enduring memorial of the great President in all lands and in all hearts. Mr. Churchill has justly spoken of his deep love for England. But his love for mankind knew no frontiers. If he had a specially warm place in his heart for us it was because we shared that passion for freedom which burns in every true American and was the gospel for which President Roosevelt lived, laboured and died.

No Gambling in a Cemetery

Why the Europe of to-morrow cannot be a playground

by HANNEN SWAFFER

YOU WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT, but some people seem to have the idea that, directly the war is over, they will be able to rush off to Monte Carlo and Cannes—to preen themselves in the sunshine and stake big sums on the tables.

Shocks await them

Not for years will any part of France again become a playground for the rich.

"London looms large and grand and good in our memory," an American scenario-writer now in the Forces writes me from the French capital. "But Paris, after Hollywood, has the most ersatz reputation on earth. What France needs is a purge.

"The British W.A.A.F.s are the loveliest girls on the Champs Elysees, and it is the British, not the French, who are our friends."

We'll See the Alps First

Yes; but American soldiers have seen nothing of the old Paris—the Paris that, when the King and Queen visited the French capital, transformed herself almost into Fairyland; the Paris of the old Bohemia.

Montmartre is now drab. There is no Longchamps, with its fashion parade. No longer are the Louvre and the Luxembourg crammed with art treasures. Even the Bois de Boulogne, though it is Springtime, has lost much of its beauty.

"The last time I saw Paris. . . ."

To-day, like London, the French capital is full of soldiery. More, unlike London, it is ill-fed except where the black market prospers.

Years, indeed, must pass before any part of the Continent will once more become a paradise for pleasure-seekers. Switzerland, one of the few holiday haunts to escape the horrors of the world war, will be a Mecca as soon as travelling is tolerable; but that time may be distant.

The Riviera has suffered little. But, as for its former habitués, our own aristocracy are largely impoverished, and the rich German middle-class have all lost everything. Many of its villas are sold to profiteers.

Only in the lifetime of the younger among us, I fear, will any part of Europe look anything like it did. The older ones, if they are permitted to travel, will see nothing but poverty—in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Belgium, in Holland, and in Austria.

Few Passports to Germany

Ostend and Deauville and the rest of the northern seaside towns will try to attract custom as quickly as they can; but I doubt if even the need for money from visitors will allow their hotel-keepers to take precedence in obtaining the all-necessary linen, cutlery and furniture. Even so, it will be from the New Rich that they will draw their custom.

The Old World is dead.

Rhineland's castles remain unscathed, as far as we know. But not for years will touring in Germany be encouraged by the Allies seeking to stamp out the remnants of Nazidom.

Cologne is mere rubble. So, probably, are all the mediæval buildings in Munich and Nuremberg. Heidelberg may have escaped more. But nearly all that was a magnet in the old German cities lies a ruin.

Buda Pesth, one of the most romantic towns in Europe—memories of its gipsy bands playing in the night-haunts remain in many thousands of minds—has almost disappeared.

Easter in Rome—One Day

When again will Salzburg revive its music and dramatic festivals? Who will want to hear fat German tenors and sopranos sing in Bayreuth, the home of Wagner? No one, so long as the youngest of us lives, will ever desire to see, in Oberammergau, a German playing the part of Jesus.

Rome, despite the lunatics who wanted to bomb it when we had no bombs with which to do it, is fortunately unscathed. Its relics of the Cæsars remain. Florence retains its architectural treasures, built in the days of Italy's renewed glories. Venice, to my mind the most entrancing town on the Continent, is not yet safe; but, tucked away, I doubt if it will suffer.

Alas, though, hundreds of ancient churches—their altar-pieces, their stained glass and their vestments, all the work of superb craftsmen—are shattered all along the roads for many miles north of Naples. The world-famous Cassino monastery is a case in point. It lies in dust—as does Caen, the French burial-place of the Conqueror. We had to destroy to save.

Because we threatened Rome if Athens were bombed, the monuments of ancient Greece were left untouched by the Germans, who also—and again under duress—refrained from bombing Cairo.

Denmark will be Popular

But Vienna, that pleasaunce of opulence and leisure, is badly scarred.

Where are the art treasures that were pillaged from a hundred palaces and public galleries, right across the Continent, as the Germans retreated, and taken back to Naziland? Will they be recovered from the villas of the chief gangsters and from their hiding-places? Or will Hitler, who seemingly means to bring down upon him, as Samson brought down the Temple, everything that he can, order their destruction?

I wonder how much of the Black Forest has gone. The Germans, with the Baltic route from Sweden dangerous, and with Finland and Norway in the war, badly wanted timber. Trees take years to grow again.

Copenhagen, one of the most pleasant of all Europe's capitals, has little in it that cannot easily be replaced, however damaged it may be by the time the Danes, free again once more, wear their sunny smiles.

The fjords of Norway have been, and are, the scene of bitter suffering. Almost anyone but their brave fishermen and farmers would have despaired years ago But nothing can diminish the majesty of the fjord.

It is thence, chiefly, and to Denmark, I think, that pilgrims in search of an ideal holiday will go, taking with them our admiration for what their peoples have endured.

Where Heroes Died

But, how shall we travel? Shipping will be short for years. Many thousands of miles of railway lines need repair. Countless hotels must be rebuilt and reconditioned.

Many months must pass before the Continent will be open to any not travelling on urgent or official business. The work of repair and rehabilitation will be long and arduous.

Millions whose smiles we saw in the streets of European towns, and whose laughter we heard in cafés when night came, are either dead or else are broken by long toil in prison camps.

Statesmanship has died in gaol. Intellect has paid a terrible price. Liberty, crushed in five years of slavery, can only gradually be re-established

It would be a mockery of holy idealism to seek pleasure in towns where so much has been suffered by the best and the bravest. It would be sacrilege to go sight-seeing where so many have been blinded in the long sleep of death because they preferred loss of life to tyranny.

The Europe of to-morrow will not be a playground. It is a tomb. It is sacred ground, soaked with the blood of martyrs

When first we visit it, our eyes will be filled with tears.

You cannot gamble in a cemetery. You cannot gambol among graves.

The fate of Europe's most entrancing city is still in doubt. But its chances of escaping damage are high; our peace time tourists should still be able to see Venice as it is pictured here, with the Cavalli Palace gazing placidly across the Grand Canal

PERIL in the SAND

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

I took hold of the wrench again and gave a terrific heave

The task of dismantling a new enemy device lodged upon a beach calls for ice-cool courage, a level head and steady fingers. Here is a tense account of how one man tackled it. Share his suspense as he grapples with the unknown . . .

WHEN HE HAD GONE I suddenly went panicky. As long as he had been there I had just felt generally scared—not scared of anything in particular. I think I'd been worrying more about what I looked like than about the job. But now that Strang was gone and the thing was lying there in the sand, only about fifty yards away, I began to be scared stiff.

Stuart had died trying to dismantle the first. Now I had to deal with the second.

I made up my mind not to look at it until I got to the trench, so I put my head down and ploughed on. There were a lot of gulls wheeling about overhead, and I kept wondering if one of them would swoop down and disturb it.

I got to the trench at last and dropped into it. It was only a scraping in the sand and not very deep. When you were in it, the thing was only the width of a room away. I was panting as though I had been running hard, and sat down in the trench to get my breath. I thought, "If I'm going to make this fuss about just coming within yards of the thing, what will it be like later?"

I looked along the beach at the base. Strang had got back, and I could see the wire from the telephone lying in a crooked black line on the sand. I thought I'd better see if it was working, so I said into the transmitter, "I'm just trying the wire. Can you hear me all right?"

It seemed a damned silly question for a moment, as they couldn't speak to me. Then I saw the telephonist wave a handkerchief to show he'd got it.

I LOOKED AT THE THING and said into the telephone, "The object is about ten yards away, lying almost parallel to the edge of the sea. It's rather deeply embedded in the sand at the cap end, so that I can only see the top half of the cap. The other end is hardly embedded at all. It looks as though there's a pebble under it.

"I think Stuart said there was. It looks exactly like the photograph of the other one, but I shall try it quickly for reaction to metal and warmth just to be sure."

I started putting one of the reaching rods together. They had plastic ferrules instead of metal joints, and my hands were shaking so that I couldn't get the joints together for a bit.

Anyhow, the length of the thing made it very awkward to handle in the trench. I fixed one of the pipe wrenches in the clip end. I said into the telephone, "I am now going to try it for metal."

I pushed the rod out, keeping it well away from the thing until I had got it fully out. It would just about reach and no more.

I was feeling a lot better now, and, anyhow, it was pretty certain that this was really a waste of time, so I got through dangling the wrench round it. After that I thought for a bit about the heat thing.

It had always struck me as rather unnecessary, because I wasn't going to be holding the thing in my hands, and it was crude and rather tricky. It meant taking heated pads out of the thermos container, putting them on the rod, and putting them *against* the thing, so that you stood quite a chance of shaking it.

Stuart had said he nearly did. I thought for a moment of just telling them that I was going to cut it out, but I thought Strang might be annoyed, so I decided to go through the motions.

EVEN WITH GLASSES they wouldn't be able to see if I actually put the pad against it or not. I just put the pad on the rod, put it out well away from the thing, and reported, "No reaction."

It was only when I had pulled the rod in and taken it to pieces that I realised that I had burnt my boats.

I'd been concentrating hard on not disturbing the thing with the rod, in case it should go up; but if it had gone up while I had been in the trench I should have been all right, and it would have let me out. . . . I felt that if I'd thought of it before, and could have done it as a half-accident, it would have been all right. I remember being very angry with myself for not having thought of it, and yet being quite glad I hadn't.

When I had finished with the rods I sat in the trench for a minute or two and thought. My hands were sweating and the sand was sticking to them, so I got out my handkerchief and wiped them. . . .

I found that I didn't much mind the idea of getting out of the trench and tackling it. . . . I got up beside the thing without worrying much.

When I found myself right on top of it, it reminded me of my vision of it when I was in bed at home, just lying quietly on the sand waiting. . . . I checked that it wasn't ticking and then got the clamps and wrenches out of the basket and sat on the sand beside it and thought it over.

My general idea was to get the jaws of the clamps holding it firmly, and then to scrape away the sand so that it was left clear of the ground and I could get at it all round. . . . I reckoned that if there was a second fuse, Stuart might have missed it through not being able to see underneath part of the bomb as it lay on the ground.

I said this into the telephone, got up on my knees and turned to get the clamps. In doing this I pulled the telephone wire slightly. It hitched a bit and for one ghastly fraction of a second I thought it had caught around the end of the bomb and yanked it. It hadn't, of course.

It had just caught in one of the wrenches. But it turned me cold for a moment, and I thought it was too dangerous to have something that was liable to move about on the ground every time I turned my head. . . . I took the harness off, put the telephone behind me out of the way, and started off on the first clamp. . . .

When I'd got the sand cleared away ready for the jaws I sat back and rubbed my eyes with my handkerchief. I wanted to be able to see for certain that they were properly centred.

By getting down and looking along the side of the thing, I could see that the clamp wanted to be about half an inch further over.

I went to move it slightly, forgetting that the base was right up against the bomb. It didn't move easily so I pushed it harder, and, of course, the base pushed the thing, and I saw it move quite a bit in the sand.

I jerked away from it in a silly way, but nothing happened. I tried to go on but my hands were shaking too much, so I sat back for a moment and rested. . . .

I WAS GETTING a bit worried about shaking so much. It wasn't only my hands. One of the big muscles in my thigh had started to do things of its own, and my back was aching. I told them on the telephone that I had got one on and that I was going to rest, and sat back for a minute or two.

The second clamp went on a good deal more easily. Like a fool, instead of resting I went straight on with getting the cap off. The clamps made it easier for me to get the wrenches on than it had been for Stuart. But I found that I couldn't turn the cap.

I heaved with all my might, but it wouldn't shift. I thought perhaps it was a reverse thread, and tried the other way, but it was still no good. Finally, I braced the other wrench with my knee, as Stuart had done, and used both hands. Still I couldn't start it.

That shook me to the wick. I think it was because it had never occurred to me that there would be much difficulty about it.

I suddenly realised that if I couldn't get the cap off I should have made a mess of the whole thing and that it would all have been for nothing. I started to heave again with all my might. I must have shaken the thing quite a lot, though the clamps held it well.

THE SWEAT WAS POURING off me and I could hear myself panting loudly. . . . I had to stop at last, and when I looked up my head was swimming and everything looked a curious green. . . . I put my head down and shut my eyes. I thought, "I shall never shift it now. My arms are going." I knew that gutless feeling of old.

When I opened my eyes again things had gone back to their normal colour. I took hold of the wrench again and gave a terrific heave. Probably it had been started before really, because this time it moved quite easily. . . . I took it off and sat back with it in my hand and panted. For a minute or two I was too done in to look at it. . . .

After a while it got a bit better and I started to look at the thing. It was just as Stuart had said. The clock mechanism was in the head.

There was a lead coming out of it which forked and carried two flat bits of stuff which looked like insulators. In the top of the body there was a simple brass trembler tongue lying between terminals. The movement for contact was about a quarter of an inch either way. . . .

After a bit, I started to try to get the wire on. I took a lot of trouble to make sure that the earthing was all right, in case that was what had slipped up. . . . I think that was the first time I began to feel as though I might beat the thing after all.

I crawled around to the other side and started to look for any signs of another fuse. I saw two things right

away. The hole Stuart talked about ran down into the body; and, as he had said, the lead from the clock seemed too long. . . . Then suddenly I saw. I picked the cap up and looked up inside it, and there it was.

I went over to the telephone and said. "I think I've got it. The lead Stuart found is to a second fuse, in the body. The lead to the trembler that he found winds right up into the clock. . . ."

The jaws of the clamp were right across the joint, and I started to unscrew the clamp to shift it. Then the nasty bit dawned on me. If the second trembler was in the body, then it would be all right to unscrew the cap.

But if the second trembler was in *the cap*, then starting to unscrew it would send the whole thing up. . . . I had to decide whether to hold the body still and unscrew the cap, or hold the cap still and unscrew the body. . . .

I MUST HAVE BEEN getting pretty queer because I remember hearing myself making a queer moaning noise. . . . Then I started to shift the clamp off the joint and on to the body. . . . I was thinking about unscrewing the cap. I can remember thinking, "If I'm right about that lead, I've done it. If I'm wrong, I'm dead."

I was still thinking that as I fixed the wrenches on again and started to try and loosen the cap. It stuck just as the other had done; and that finished me.

It was the fact that the strain came on exactly the same places as before. My hand and arm muscles were all to hell, and instead of giving one big heave I had to keep giving a series of little heaves. . . .

I don't know how long this went on, or why I didn't shake the thing so much it went up. Finally my hand grip just packed up, my hand slipped off the wrench, and I half fell backwards. I made a sort of half-hearted effort to get up, and then just lay there sobbing and panting, with my eyes shut.

I heard somebody call something, and opened my eyes and blinked them clear. It was Strang. I got to my knees and said, "Keep away for heaven's sake. There's one not done. I can't shift it." My throat seemed to shut.

Strang said, "Easy does it, old man. What's wrong?"

I said, "The cap. There's another fuse. The bloody thing's stuck."

I looked at him for a moment standing there with his big shoulders and the thick black hair on his chest, and I knew I'd lost. I said dully, "It's got to be held steady with the wrench on the right while the cap's unscrewed with the other. Be careful. If you don't hold it steady it'll go up."

Strang turned to me and said, "Look—if I'm going to put my big feet into this, you'd better get into the trench. You've done your share."

I said, "No. Why the hell should I?"

STRANG HESITATED. Then he said, "All right." He caught hold of the wrenches, and I saw the big muscles bunch up. When it was off he said, "Now you tell me what to do, squire. It's your party."

He moved aside. I looked at it. It was just as I thought, except that the second trembler was set transversely. I said, "Wire."

Strang said, "You're earthing it." I nodded. He said, "Manage, or shall I?"

I said, "I can do it."

I got it on at last. When it was on, I sat back and looked at it.

Strang said, "Now what?"

"Get your people and steam the charge out."

"And that's all?"

I said, "That's all."

From The Small Back Room, by Nigel Balchin (Collins).

There's a spark worth fanning in many Germans and Japanese

Above All Nations

WHEN FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT HENRY WILLIAM MCLEOD shot down a German 'plane into the sea, he immediately made a bid to save the pilot's life. "He hit the water," he said, "I circled over him and he waved to me, apparently quite cheerfully."

So McLeod went down close to the sea and dropped his own dinghy before he turned away. He had yet to cover a fair stretch of sea back to his base, and he was expecting trouble on the way. That dinghy might have been vital to his own life. But he dropped it—to his enemy.

Cases of German Humanity

Small enough in itself, the incident held the seeds of something bigger than bravery or chivalry.

This incident has been multiplied a thousand times throughout the war, and if anyone has come to feel, from long familiarity with atrocities and destruction, that men and women are losing those fundamental qualities of pity and kindliness, then they should read the newly published book, *Above All Nations* (Gollancz, 2s. 6d.).

The title comes from the inscription on the campus of Cornell University, U.S.A.: "Above all nations is humanity." The compilers have put together a remarkable record of acts of kindness done to enemies by men of all nations in the present war. There are more than a hundred stories.

"It is not the intention of this book—and let no one imagine that it is—to suggest that, in the conduct of hostilities, there is nothing to choose between the two sides," writes Victor Gollancz in a striking preface.

No. This book is rather a proof of the *possibilities* of men of all nations. It shows a common ground between national divisions whereon lie high hopes for the future.

"The whole policy of the Nazis has been one of peculiarly cold-blooded barbarianism." Yes—but the individual German has sometimes risen above his training and the terrible code of the Nazi thugs.

When the steamship *Firby* was sunk by a German submarine in the Atlantic, the commander of the U-boat handed nine loaves of black bread to the ship's crew and three rolls of bandages for the injured. Before he moved away he sent an S.O.S. to the Admiralty giving the exact position of the lifeboat. He addressed it personally to Winston Churchill.

It was a highly dangerous piece of philanthropy for a submarine commander. He knew quite well that he gave away his own position, but he was willing to endanger his own life to save the lives of the men he had attacked.

"I hear they'll soon be melting these things down to make railings for us to sit on"

General Urquhart, the Airborne commander, has told how the Germans at Arnhem sent him a bottle of brandy and allowed his Red Cross men to obtain water from inside the enemy lines

Something of the same spirit appeared at Arnhem. Our advance dressing station ran out of water and a Medical Officer went down to Arnhem under cover of the Red Cross to see the German Commander. He at once arranged for our Red Cross jeeps to draw water from a well inside the German lines. The German commander also sent a bottle of brandy for the British medical officer.

It would be false to draw general conclusions from incidents like this. It would be just as false to draw general conclusions from atrocity stories. There is a middle way.

A Zero Turned Back

Even the Japanese are not excluded from this book. They, too, have moments when fundamental kindliness pushes through centuries of ruthless barbarism and demands its say. *Above All Nations* quotes from *Queens Die Proudly*, by W. L. White:

"A lot of stuff you read about the Japs may be true, yet all the ones I've met turned out to be only people—starting with Kobi Isher, who was a fairly nice guy and just a pretty good diver.

"Six of our Forts were coming in over Rabaul to give the Japs a pasting when one lone Zero showed up. He starts in thinking here's a chance to pick up a Fort and then suddenly he sees all those guns and thinks how sweet and cute his little almond-eyed geisha is back home, and how nice it would be to get back to her. Well, the geisha finally wins out over the Emperor."

This book carries a message, and it is a message that is vital to us all. It would be crazy to let our British tolerance distort the viciousness of many Germans and Japs into milk-sop morality. But go a bit deeper.

Take away the training, the background and the deliberate incitement to thuggery, and what do you find? Very often just another human being.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

When the Pin-ups Come Down

A NEUTRAL BUSINESS MAN in close touch with high official circles has told me—no, I'll come clean and admit that I dreamed it myself—about a wonderful Homecoming Course through which soldiers will go on demobilisation.

The authorities realise that a soldier's wife, mother, sister, or what have you, is going to take a poor view of it if she finds that, on his return, he cannot sleep unless there are pictures of Dorothy Lamour, Rita Hayworth and Lauren Bacall stuck on the wall over the bed. During his training for home life, the soldier will begin by sleeping on a board in his clothes, with pictures of bathing beauties all round. By easy stages he will pass to pyjamas, a feather bed, and flowered wall-paper hung with pictures of "The Monarch of the Glen" and "The Soul's Awakening."

CLOTHES FORM another part of the course. Cooled rooms will get the soldier used to feeling chilly when wearing civvies. He will be taught to hold his head upright instead of inclined at the angle necessary to keep a forage cap from falling off.

Batches of men will be taken out for lorry rides through streets in which pretty girls have been posted. The men will have sticking plaster over their mouths to teach them not to whistle.

On the parade ground a Shopping Course will be conducted. The men will walk about for two hours, and then have to stand outside a dummy shop without moving for an hour holding a 10 lb. weight shaped like a shopping basket.

THERE WILL BE lessons in lawn mowing, but a man will only be put on to these on fine evenings when he wants to do something else.

There will be lectures on "What to Do When the Sink is Stopped Up," "Washing-up Without Tears," and "How To Deal with the Rent Man Without a Bren Gun."

When the general Homecoming Course is finished, married men will undergo a special Battle Course. Several times a day each man will sit in a darkened hut looking at a picture of the sergeant-major. By an arrangement of mirrors, this will gradually turn into a photograph of his wife.

His war-time unarmed combat training will be extended by self-defence against pokers and rolling pins. During this part of the course he will be placed in a house while instructors hurl crockery and kitchen utensils at him. He will be trained to take cover behind household furniture and to gain the front door without becoming a casualty.

EVERY MORNING the married man will be awakened at 5 a.m. by a yelling crowd of small children. He will have to go downstairs and light a fire with damp wood instead of paraffin, and lumps of stone instead of coal. He will then take tea up to the sergeant-major.

Last thing at night he will enter a completely darkened house, remove his shoes and find his way noiselessly upstairs past obstacles such as prams, hall-stands, and loose stair-rods. The slightest false step will loose a shower of missiles at him and start a quick-talking gramophone record which will remain playing all night.

A course for officers is being considered. One of its chief objects will be to train them to do without batmen.

Free Speech

MARRIAGE TO FOREIGNERS—DOES IT WORK?

Now our own planes disturb sleep. Encouragement to the wounded. City to be proud of. When railways run airways. Perpetual reminder to Germany. "Shino" the soldier

MY SON HAS RECENTLY announced his engagement to a charming French girl, but I am amazed at the effect on our friends and acquaintances They nearly all disapprove and say, "Oh, dear, a foreigner. What a pity." I feel it's a good thing that many of our young people are marrying foreigners and that it will be better for the peace of the world if there is more intermarriage. Unfortunately, the censorship is so strict that I cannot send out women's magazines to my future daughter-in-law. She is in Morocco and I would like to have started to help her to learn our English ways of life.—MRS. C. R. GREEN, 17, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

Look, It's Secret!

IS IT REALLY necessary for the War Department and others to plaster so many envelopes with the word "SECRET" in half-inch block letters. It seems funny for grown-up men to act like characters from a child's comic paper. I'm sure their labels are appreciated by spies.—"D." (address supplied).

Wings Over London

RETURNING FROM A week's holiday in the lovely quiet of the Welsh mountains, I had a sleepless night because of our aircraft roaring out over London. It seemed one of the noisiest nights I could remember, and I wondered whether it was necessary for the military effort in this late stage of the war for 'planes to cross London.

After all, nearly a fifth of the country's population are condemned to broken slumber whenever this happens. A detour round the capital would add so very little flying time. I don't know whether I'm right about this; perhaps I am influenced by just having seen the peaceful lives of the country folk.—J. R. B., Hammersmith, W.

Tonic Advice

I SHOULD LIKE TO OFFER a word of encouragement to our young heroes who have been badly wounded. Don't despair. If you have an artificial limb, wear it regularly—and master it. Feel as good as anybody else—*you are*!

And a word to the wives and sweethearts of these men. Don't fuss and pity them—understanding and tolerance are the virtues to practise.

How do I know? I married a hero of the last war who lost his leg when only eighteen. We have three fine sons serving abroad and two girls besides. We have had plenty of happiness during the twenty-five years we have been married. Disablement is no bar to a happy and successful life.—MRS. M. E. WHITEHOUSE, Brandon, 86, Beacon Street, Walsall, Staffs.

Civic Pride

YOUR PARAGRAPH ABOUT a film for training detectives which is being made by Scotland Yard (JOHN BULL, April 7) has given an added fillip to the pride which I feel in Wakefield.

The West Riding Constabulary Headquarters here are known as "The Scotland Yard of the North." A crime film, with policemen as actors, was made here last year and is in use as part of a refresher course for detectives from all over the country. Here, also, we have one of the most modern crime laboratories in the country. We also have Britain's model prison which has been visited by commissioners and others from all over the world.

One of the five Army Schools of Education is in Wakefield. The "Brides-to-be" course for women in the Services was started here. This week a Homecraft Course was opened for 50 A.T.S. girls who will go back to their units as instructors.

The Mayor gives the "Freedom of his Parlour" every Wednesday morning to men on leave from overseas. These are happy meetings and the boys bring back souvenirs for the Mayor. The collection has grown so interesting that it is going to tour the schools.

Not a bad record for this cathedral city of under 60,000 inhabitants. Despite my enthusiasm for Wakefield, I'd rather you didn't publish my full address.—C. S., Wakefield, Yorks.

Holiday Petrol

IN VIEW OF THE certainty of increased holiday travel during the coming months, and the equal certainty of the railways being unable to cope with it, I suggest that it would be a practical and much appreciated gesture on the part of the authorities if extra petrol quotas were granted to the 'bus companies to be used only for long-distance journeys.

This would, at one stroke, ease the strain on the railways and ensure comfortable travel to thousands of weary war workers.—G. A. WOOD, Holly Mount, Holmfirth, Yorks.

Railways and Airways

AFTER QUEUEING TO BUY a ticket from a clerk who was so haughty he seemed to be doing me a personal favour, after waiting on a cold draughty platform for a train that came in long after its proper time, after scrambling for a seat and getting a few square inches of corridor instead, I pondered with horror on the railway companies' plans for competing in post-war air travel.

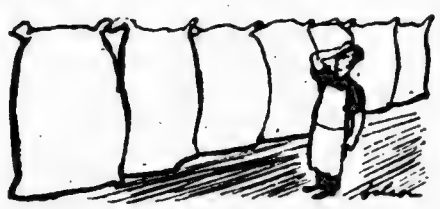
I remember the poster putting forward the railway claims and boasting of their vast experience of "transportation." It is dreadful to think of the railway companies meddling in the youthful air industry. Let us prevent at all costs the evils associated with the railways.—FLYING OFFICER, Manchester.

A Bit of Home

WHAT WOULD OUR LADS overseas give for a bit of home? My little boy, aged eight, sent his daddy the first two daisies he picked this year. We got word back from India, "Thanks for the little bit of Blighty." — MRS. BETTY JENKIN, Cramlington, Northumberland.

New Flag for Germany

AFTER THE WAR, the Germans should not be allowed to retain their national flag with a swastika on it, nor even the pre-Nazi flag. Instead, the German flag should be white—the white flag of surrender that their people are now displaying so prominently. It would be a symbol of defeat in battle, and would be a reminder to them in future years. —DRIVER E. S., R.A.S.C. Armoured Brigade, B.L.A. (full address supplied).



Sensible Packing

AS AN OLD transport operative I admire the sensible ideas of the Americans in packing commodities. We in Britain pack sugar and soda into 2 cwt. sacks—stones heavier than the unfortunate man who has to hump them. The same thing applies to Continental fruit exports. Cases of oranges from Spain, termed by the trade "1,064's" because of their counts, weigh nearly 3 cwt.

The Americans long ago realised the drawbacks of huge packs. All theirs are round about 100 lb.—quite enough for any man to carry, especially when our out-of-date warehouses and shops are considered. It is a matter to which the trade unions should give attention. Factory workers are well safeguarded, but the handlers of their products are neglected.—HERBERT PEACOCK, 34, Bonchurch Road, Brighton, Sussex.

"It's a good job Perce was dummy"

Little Darlings

OH, THOSE NUISANCES of mothers who are off to school to see the head master each time their little darlings come home with a tale about teacher having done this and that!

My two boys went through their school lives without my ever going there—not because they were little angels; in fact, far from it. Whenever they came to me with a tale I would say, "Well, you must have done *something*." Children soon learn to take advantage of mothers who always take their part. — MRS. F. E. RACLE, 54, Mount Drive, Urmston, Manchester.

He Earned a Nickname

WHAT DO YOUR correspondents who have written about spit and polish in the Army think of an experience I had? We had to show a tin of proprietary boot polish with our kit at inspection time. One day a pal of mine scraped all the lettering and advertising matter off his tin and polished it till you could see your face in it. The officer complimented him and everyone had to do the same thing thereafter. That's how my friend came to be called Shino—but he was called other names besides.—E. PEACH, 330, Ickield Port Road, Birmingham.

For Broadcasting House

WOULD IT NOT BE a good idea to enclose a questionnaire form with the yearly notice to renew wireless licences? Comments on the B.B.C.'s programmes could be invited and the Corporation would get a good idea of what people really want. The present Listener Research Department is inadequate, as it seems to test only minority tastes.—MRS. V. POWDERHAM, 9, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

John Bull and a Taxpayer

BECAUSE MY FORMER employers would not let me have a necessary income tax form I found myself paying very much more than I should. I wrote to you about it and am now glad to say that the matter has all been settled. Your communication did the trick. The words JOHN BULL used in the right quarter have an amazing way of cutting through red tape.—G. W. H., Leeds.

Profits on Sentiment

DURING THE LAST YEAR or so we have seen a lot of photographers' studios opened apparently to cater for men and women in the Services and their families who want a souvenir photo at a reasonable price. Results turn out to be crude and cheap in every way (except price). Why has the Board of Trade allowed these opportunists to open studios? Surely it would have been better to have given the genuine photographers extra supplies.—E. H. E., Bristol.

THIS PAGE *is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

HOW THE WORLD EATS TO-DAY

AFTER NEARLY SIX YEARS of severe but efficient rationing, the people of Britain look forward for better food. Instead, we face cheerfully rumours of more cuts and more restrictions—chiefly owing to a falling-off in American supplies.

We know we are better off than people in any of the larger belligerent countries except the United States.

CHUNGKING

In Chungking, for instance, there is hardly any meat to be had at all. And there is no rationing system as we know it. Instead, each district is organised on a co-operative basis, and the people share any crops that are available.

China is now in its eighth year of war. Chungking, the war time capital, has been almost bombed out of existence on five occasions. The muddy streets that slope down to the Yangtze River are lined with a ramshackle collection of booths patched together out of wood and matting salvaged from the air raids.

Prices have soared madly. An old second-hand bicycle—if you can find one at all—will be marked up at the equivalent of £100 or more. Food prices have also risen—although not to quite such fantastic figures; the authorities make every effort to keep them within limits.

Government officials have to be paid an extra allowance, which works out at about twice their normal salary, to enable them to cope with the increased cost of living. Even so, like the rest of the community, their food is confined to a monotonous round of rice, beans, noodles and buckwheat, mixed in season with a few green vegetables. A baked potato is a rare treat.

In Chungking the co-operative scheme leaves little scope for a black market, and the rich, even if they are prepared to pay through the nose for luxury foods, can rarely find any to buy.

MOSCOW

In Moscow, oddly enough, the black market flourishes. It is run by the State.

The Soviet authorities argue that if people are foolish enough to waste their money in buying food they don't actually need at exorbitant prices, they should be at liberty to do so. But that is no reason why money should go straight into the pockets of the profiteers. It is the community as a whole which benefits.

Only small quantities of luxury foods or temporary surpluses are sold on the Soviet black market. The basic foods are all as strictly rationed as with us, but on a different principle. The food you get depends on the work you do.

The Russians, of course, put the Red Army first. The Fighting Forces get better food and they get more of it.

Among civilians, the heavy workers have the largest rations. Their allowance of meat, for instance, is about 5 lb. per month, while clerks and other sedentary workers get rather less than 2½ lb. Home supplies are eked out by a share in the produce of the communal farm which is attached to almost every factory and Government undertaking.

There are also meals at the canteens. Nearly 200 British Restaurants and several thousand works canteens have made communal feeding familiar in war time London. The Russians have carried the principle even further, and, as with us, food at the Russian canteens is over and above home rations.

Again the fare varies with the type of work, but a typical meal would include noodle soup, spiced sausages with rye bread, potatoes and beans. Russian children also get special rations, hot meals at school, and first claim on milk and fresh vegetables.

DID YOU KNOW?—

- **IN MOSCOW the State runs the black market.**
- **IN NEW YORK steaks are scarce, but people are sick of chicken.**
- **IN CHUNGKING there is no Government rationing, but food is distributed by co-operatives.**
- **IN BERLIN before the collapse you had to have 20 different ration books.**
- **IN TOKYO they are trying out a new food made from seaweed.**

WASHINGTON

Admittedly America is better off than China or Russia or Great Britain. But even there the shortages are beginning to be felt.

The Americans have no fixed basic rations like ours; but the scarcer foods are distributed on two separate point systems. The red points cover meat, butter, cheese and fats; blue points are required for tinned goods, sugar, etc.

It is difficult to say definitely how this works out in terms of British rations. All your red points for a month would buy a roast of beef weighing, say, 7 lb. Alternatively, they would buy about 2½ lb. of butter.

On top of that there are the difficulties of distribution in a large country where transport is even scarcer than food. Often a housewife may have the points to buy meat, but not be able to find any in the shops; while in another town 1,000 miles away there may be so much meat that no one has any points left.

During the winter there was still a good supply of beef in California. But New Yorkers could hardly get any meat at all, and the better off lived largely on chickens.

The food problem is an extra strain in Washington because the city is hopelessly overcrowded. There are long queues in the shopping districts, queues for restaurants, and queues for canteens.

But, with it all, the Americans have certainly a more varied diet than ours.

BERLIN

How, then, do our standards compare with enemy countries?

Before the collapse the food situation in Germany was already deteriorating. Almost every week new cuts were announced.

The *hausfrau* in Berlin was plagued with anything up to twenty different ration books. Everything she bought required coupons—flour, meals in restaurants, fuel, clothes, cigarettes, even shoe laces.

She would get 5 lb. of rye bread a week, 3 lb. of potatoes, 1 lb. of meat, including offal. Her allowance of soap and cheese was about half of ours. Coffee, tea and cocoa were unobtainable, and even the soap was erzatz.

TOKYO

Tokyo is worse still. Japan, like Britain, is an island country, and the Japanese leaders, faced with a shortage of shipping, have ruthlessly sacrificed the people's food to make room for military cargoes.

The average Japanese ate very little meat even in peace time, but he relied heavily on fish. To-day the large Japanese fishing fleet has been made over to the navy, and fish is very scarce.

Since the U.S. captured some of the octopus grounds this delicacy is scarcer. Paratroops have first call on it—since it is thought to increase stamina and courage.

The majority of the inhabitants of Tokyo now live on 11 ounces of rice a day, a few potatoes, and soya bean products. A new seaweed food, rich in vitamins, is being boosted; mashed silkworms are served as a butter substitute.

In Japan the black market flourishes. It differs from our black market in two important respects. To begin with, it is much bigger, and deals in basic foods, where ours is largely confined to luxuries.

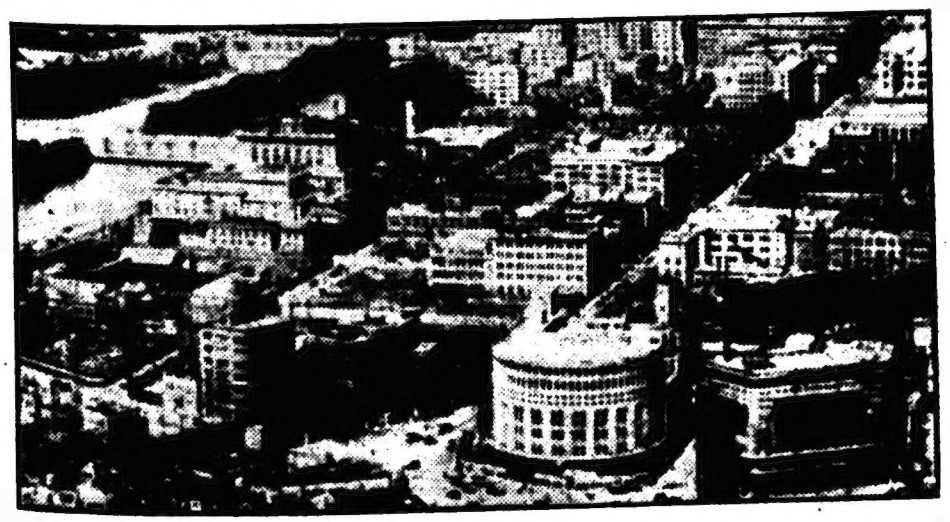
A rich financier or factory owner in Tokyo can buy almost anything he likes on the side, provided he pays about ten times its proper price.

The extent of this illicit trade is significant, but perhaps even more significant are the penalties by which the authorities have tried—and failed—to stamp it out. In Germany you could be shot for buying or selling on the black market. In Japan you are beheaded!

There, then, is the story of war time standards in six cities.

But even when peace is won we shall not be able to forget about food. And as long as a few people in one class or in one country can grow fat on whatever they want while the mass of the people elsewhere are hungry and starving and undernourished, the peace we have won will not be worth the name.

DONALD STOKES.



This is not a fine new city in America. It is the heart of Tokyo. But, for all its modernity, its people are having to eat food made from seaweed. The rice ration is only 11 ounces a day

And this picture from Berlin tells its own story. The national rationing system was officially ended weeks ago; whether Germans get their rations now depends on local supplies. So the queues get longer

His V-Day's Come!

TAKING up *Bullets* soon after D-Day in June, 1944, *Bullets* V-Day came after 18 small successes to office worker F. W. Handy, 47, Victor St., Heavitree, Exeter. And here are the telling words with which he captured First Prize in Contest 1,470: What We've Lost—Precious Souls—Saved, "Soul."

For two, three or four as well-chosen words on your coupon below, your reward can be £200 this week—start on your *Bullets* at once!

CASH and CAKES for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£200 DOUBLED FIRST THIS WEEK

1,561 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, £5
£4, £3, 6 of £2

50 4-lb. FRUIT CAKES
1,500 NEW PRIZES

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £200 doubled First Prize.

TOMMY AND CO.
PEACE MACHINERY
WINSTON'S PROBLEM
GERMANY OF TO-MORROW
A GREAT AMERICAN
OUR STRUGGLE
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN
SHOWN UP
HANG OUT THE FLAGS, BUT
HIVE OF INDUSTRY
WASTE OF TIME
SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY
WHEN DAD CELEBRATES
SHE DRIED HER TEARS AND
JUNK
TREAT FOR HENPECK
BLONDE BOMBSHELL
WELL-EARNED REST
AT OUR LOCAL
NOTHING TO LAUGH AT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

HITLER ..... AND
NOT TO BE .....
MISSED THE.....
ALWAYS AT .....
READY FOR .....
TO ENCOURAGE.....

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best 3 Bullets received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupon must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated May 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,476, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

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"BULLETS" No. 1,476
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAY 7.

For MAY 19 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Result 1,472—First Prize £100 and RADIO

N. P. SWIFT, 99, CLARENCE RD., DERBY. On Victory Day

DRINK To WORLD'S "SOBRIETY"!

£20 and Radio:
W. Ewington, 5, Alleyne Road, Walton, Liverpool.
In Mother's Eyes—Sadness "No Word" Explains.

£10 and Radio:
A. M. Casely, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.
On Victory Day—*Flag* Isn't *Wand*, Remember!

10 of £5:
Miss A. Adams, 20, Sunray Avenue, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.
Gave Sergeant A Turn—Mascot Fraternising With Dachshund.
T. W. Ashby, 10, George Street, Higham Ferrers, Northants.
Still Waiting—For "Key" To *Housing*.
Mrs. M. Chatfield, 98, Valley View Road, Rochester, Kent.
My Husband—Undemonstrative? Only Showing Off!
J. R. Clifton, 118, Chequer Road, Doncaster, Yorks.
From The House-tops—Recovering Hats, Victory Day.
P. Gee, 36, Astor Road, Burnage, Man.
One Good Heave And—Bedclothes Mine—Another, Wifey's!
Cpl. C. M. Holmes, R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
On Victory Day—Plus One, *Aspirins* Rationed!
W. A. Mackay, 106, Westcombe Park Rd., Blackheath, S.E.3.
On Victory Day—Flags Waving—Pavements Swaying!
Mrs. R. Miller, 4, Saltcoats Road, Bedford Park, W.4.
Her Ideal Home—Has *Roof*—And *Windows*!
Mrs. E. Whittle, The Bungalow, Hallith-wood, Bolton, Lancs.
Maniac Hitler—Fiend We *Must* Find.
Pte. F. Wood, c/o 29, Rupert Grove, Liverpool.
Gave Mangle A Turn—Dad—Then Pleaded Giddiness!

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Award have been posted.

CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN XWORD 424. WINNING WORDS: 1. Bottle. 2. May. 3. Chap. 4. Freed. 5. Lass. 6. Grain. 7. Lane. 8. Prig. 9 Crack. 10. Boots. 11. Tire. 12. Golf or Gulf. 13 Brash. 14. Left.
£75 SHARERS: J. W. Elsmore, 27, Etwall Rd., Hall Green, B'ham; Lieut. G. Howitt, c/o 3, Chapel Lane, Burscough, Lancs.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 18 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Fruit Cake.

write to JOHN BULL about it

SHOULD CHILDREN DRAW FOR PROFIT?

A soldier wants to study farming. One man's hedge spoils the line. Australia will welcome immigrants

"IN SEVERAL OF OUR large towns and cities there have been exhibitions of children's drawings and paintings. In some places the exhibits are for sale, whereas in others they are not.

"I am not worrying about the injustice of this. What I want to know is whether it is good for children to draw or paint with the thought of money-making at the back of their minds. If the principle is bad, should not the practice be forbidden by law?"

Children should draw and paint because they enjoy doing it, and the creation of a work of art should be its own reward. If the idea of profit-making becomes entangled with their motives it may spoil the whole purpose of such work.

Admittedly, the same confusion of motives creeps in when children work for prizes. Personally, I am opposed to prize-giving on principle It is hardly necessary to demand a law to prevent the sale of children's pictures. The whole matter could be arranged by general agreement among education authorities and the organisers of such exhibitions.

"I AM AT PRESENT in the Army, but I am very anxious to learn more about farm work. Can you recommend any books which deal with it from various aspects?"

I recommend you to begin with "Farms and Fields," by Orwin, and "The Care of Farm Animals," by Fraser Darling. Both are published by the Oxford University Press, price 2s. 6d. each.

You can learn a good deal from the books about farming by G. S. Street and Crichton Porteous Some of these should be obtainable from your nearest public library. These books are written by men who are practical farmers as well as good writers, and if you feel drawn towards farming you will find them highly enjoyable as well as instructive.

I also suggest that you get into touch with the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, Selwyn House, 13, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, as soon as you return to civilian life. The secretary will be able to tell you of clubs in your own district.

"MY NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY is physically handicapped so that he can only walk with difficulty. But he manages to get about and he can do my shopping for me. He always returns with the right goods and change, but the doctor has classed him as mentally deficient. Naturally it worries me very much. They put him in a mental ward with old men of seventy and kept him in bed all the time. This upset me so much that I fetched him home.

"If I let him go to a mental home will he be taught a trade? Will he be allowed later to live at home again? I wouldn't like him to be put away for the rest of his life, but I should be only too pleased if he could be sent somewhere where he could receive proper treatment and training."

Your son's is a difficult case. There are special schools for the physically handicapped and others for the mentally backward. Your son has the double disadvantage.

I think the boy should go to a special residential school. He would receive the correct treatment and would be taught an occupation for which he is fitted, both mentally and physically. He would not be put away for life—being mentally backward is very different from being certifiable. He will be able to return home when his schooling is finished.

Write to the Education Officer for your area. His address can be ascertained from your local Town Hall.

"I LIVE IN A suburban street of semi-detached houses. All the houses have front gardens which are separated from the pavement by privet hedges. The residents have trimmed these hedges to the same height—all but one. He lets his hedge grow as it pleases, and it spoils the look of the whole road. He refuses to do anything about it.

"Is this a case for individual liberty? Or should the man be deprived of his right in the interest of his neighbours?"

Generally speaking, the law allows as much individual liberty as possible, but interferes when this liberty becomes harmful to other people. Your neighbour's action is annoying—but not exactly harmful.

In addition to the power of the law, there is the pressure of public opinion. Certain things, legal enough in themselves, are "not done." Your neighbour chooses to flout the wishes of the rest of you, but I'm afraid that, unless there is a local by-law on the subject, you can do nothing.

"MY SON IS A BIT of a problem. He has plenty of ability and might do well in a score of occupations, but he can't stand monotonous routine work. He is a lively young chap, gets on well with people, and can talk amusingly.

"He hates the idea of office work and the repetitive work of a modern factory. His present Army life suits him splendidly, but when he is back again he is likely to be a bigger problem than ever."

Young men of your son's temperament usually find a job for themselves, and I don't think you will have to worry about him for long.

I think, however, that your son is the type who would make a good salesman. He is obviously a good mixer, and, given the right knowledge, he should be able to turn his natural gifts to good account. Try sending him a copy of *Teach Yourself Salesmanship*, by S. A. Williams (English Universities Press, 3s.), and see how he reacts to the idea.

Immigration

D. K., Wolverhampton, and others: The Commonwealth of Australia has agreed to embark on a vigorous post-war migration scheme. It is anticipated that very liberal concessions in passage money contributions will be available to suitable ex-Service men and women from this country. At present, however, actual details are not available. It is hoped that the United Kingdom and Commonwealth Governments will shortly reach final decisions and an official announcement will then be made.

W. S., Oxted: No income tax allowance is given against a wife's unearned income. The husband gets the £140 personal allowance appropriate to a married man. In some cases part of this personal allowance is set against the wife's income in order to exempt it from assessment, but in that event there will be a corresponding increase in the tax payable by the husband on his earnings.

The only difference between earned and unearned income is that the former is subject to a deduction of one-tenth for "earned income allowance."

XWORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Lucky one makes difference to man having hard struggle—STR□KE. 2. Tyranny makes most people do this—□URN. 3. Operatic stars are usually.—F□T. 4. Important one is quite often carried despite stiff opposition—□ILL. 5. In summer you'll sometimes find these in a bird's nest—TWI□S. 6. To great extent unconsciously determines a man's clothes—LI□ING. 7. Young puppy will be much happier if his has been cut short—T□IL. 8. Head of flowers is often shaped like—GLO□E. 9. Long spell of really wet weather spoils this—□AY. 10. May well please playgoers even if they are artificial—WI□S. 11. Passengers generally pay for it if they get ferryman's—□OAT. 12. Even muscular, fit man may possibly be frightened of—BUL□. 13. May prove rather sticky—□LUE. 14. Such a boat doesn't travel long distances—S□OW.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated May 19, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, May 7.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 428 John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 424 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

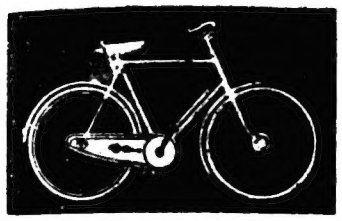
SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

highly skilled

IT TAKES 4 WORKERS TO WIN THE WAR— THAT'S WHY SUNBEAM BICYCLES ARE SCARCE!



The key to the success of the modern mechanised army is just as much the machines it possesses as the men who use them. And to build these machines it takes thousands of highly-skilled workers, thousands of well-equipped factories, thousands of tons of precision equipment. So you'll have to wait until hostilities cease and these expert craftsmen and high class materials are available once more before Sunbeam Bicycles can be in full production again. Until then the best bicycle in the world must remain in short supply. Should you, however, be lucky enough to get one now, it will be the All-Black war-time model, with Pump, Tool Bag and Tools, price £9 12s. 1d., including Tax.

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The Sunbeam Post-war Motor Cycle is something which thousands of enthusiasts are eagerly anticipating. It will be well worth waiting for!

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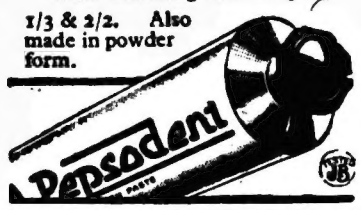

Carry on with your good work dear Sirs!

This sounds too good.. too simple, but it is just the plain truth says Mr. J.A.F.

Read this! "After 2 years of pain (Rheumatism and Neuritis) during which time I had to go to bed of a Saturday afternoon, and stay in late on Sunday mornings in order to get sufficient energy to carry me through the following week, I can now, after taking Fynnon Salt for just over five weeks . . . put in a good day's work, and then stay up until two o'clock in the morning, and get up again after a few hours' sleep as fresh as a daisy, and am getting fitter every day . . . This sounds too good to be true, too simple, but it is just the plain truth . . . Carry on with your good work, dear Sirs! . . ." (*Signed*) J.A.F.

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Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

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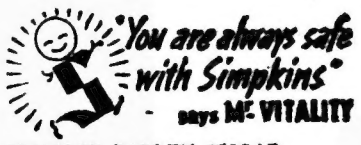

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MEDICATIONS T.C.L., Glycerine of Thymol. Iodised Sore Throat and Friars Balsam Tablets. Generally available. 50% allocated to ALL pre-war purchaser chemists.

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1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

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Some skin ailments are mere surface irritations. But there are troubles which are more deep-seated—such as leg trouble, burns, scalds, and various skin complaints which put the healing power of Germolene to real test. And the results are amazing—as all the world knows. A dressing of Germolene banishes agony, soothes away burning irritation, cleans up dangerous septic conditions, protects against re-infection, and brings new skin. IF YOUR SKIN needs Germolene, get a tin today! 1/4 and 3/3 incl. Pur. Tax.

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With a SOUPLEX blade or a DOUBLE SIX . . . you're shaved and spruce in a couple of ticks!

Millions of these famous blades go to the forces on all fronts. Small supplies are available for the public from time to time. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancashire.

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If you find that you can't get rid of those headaches whatever you do, just try Propax Tablets. Propax is wonderful for bringing relief to all sorts of pain, because it is a combination of the two greatest and safest pain relievers, aspirin and phenacetin. They reinforce and complement each other in a way that no single medicine can do, and they do not disturb heart or stomach. That is why Propax drives away pain so quickly—quicker than you ever dared to hope.

PROPAX

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"Turning out supplies for the forces and turning all our spare cash into War Savings is our way of saying 'thank you' for all they're doing for us."

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

Although "ACDO" washes even grimy, greasy clothes spotlessly clean, it does not bleach colours. It retains their original rich beauty.
"ACDO" saves so much time and work, too. No scrubbing, no rubbing, is the "ACDO" way; therefore clothes last longer. That's why housewives in industrial areas, where clothes get really dirty, have used it for over 25 years.
Try it; you'll be delighted with its superiority.

"ACDO" cannot injure the daintiest fabrics or harm the most sensitive skin.

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ASTLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

Sh-h-h! NOBODY MENTIONS ORAL OFFENCE

No one can ever be *sure* they aren't guilty of Oral Offence. Dare you take that chance day after day?

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

1/1 *Including Tax*

Oral Offence comes from neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream stops Oral Offence that originates in the mouth.*

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

Take my advice . . . get some DETTOL ... OINTMENT

It may be a very bad

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TWO TABLETS NORMAL DOSE

Phensic

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Think inSTEAD

"Walters'" **Palm** TOFFEE

absolutely takes the palm for Value, Quality and Charm

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Once there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. But Cyder, like many other things, is now zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must unfortunately be denied it until zoning ends.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . . and *none* so well as "Player's".

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C.565

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Week ending May 5